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THE ABDUCTED HEIRESS.

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CHAPTER X.

FIRE.

The night had waned away into its smallest hours, and the gray dawn of morning was brightening in the sky, yet still Eustace Saville paced slowly up and down the street in which Justina lived, with his head bent down upon his breast.

The fever in his veins had cooled, and he had been looking at the occurrence of the evening with a stern, sad scrutiny. He could not conceal from himself, that, even while an inexplicable fascination drew him towards Justina, he did not love her as he had loved others.

"And what is to be done?" he said to himself, as he turned down into another dark and silent street. "I have seen her too much for my own peace of mind, and for hers, too, I fear. If I draw back now, I am a coward—if I go on, I shall perhaps prove myself a villain. And yet—I can never go away and give her up tamely. She may be a sister, a protege, or anything she chooses, to me—but never, never can I give her up entirely. There is no passion in my love, and yet she is graceful and beautiful—she seems a part of me, and to take her away, would be almost to take life itself."

A light flaunting figure passed him, and looked boldly in his face. A woman who had once been young and beautiful and pure—but on whom sorrow and shame had done the work of years, and left her worn, haggard and almost altogether evil. She flitted away as she came, and her bold laugh echoed through the silent street. He started and looked after her.

"My God! can it be possible, that, through any act of mine, an innocent young girl will ever be brought so low as that? Oh, Justina—rather, far rather would I never look upon your face again, than to see such a look upon it. It is to save you and myself that I leave you. Farewell—a long farewell—and may God bless you!"

He waved his hand towards the great stone house whose roof lifted itself high above the others, and turned away. A watchman's rattle sprang close beside him—another answered at a little distance—another, and another, till the whole square resounded with the harsh noise. Then came the hoarse and terrible cry—so fearful in its significance to those who are roused from a happy sleep beneath the burning roof, to hear it,—"Fire! fire! fire!"

Saville hurried out to the corner, and looked around. The air was filling rapidly with smoke, and a dozen engines were thundering through the streets to the scene of action. He looked on, as one might look in a dream—feeling no great interest, but watching the spectacle, as one might gaze at a picture.

A watchman passed him.

"Where's the fire, sir?" he asked.

"Yonder, in the great stone house," said the man, hurrying forward. "It must have been under way for some time. They say the inside of the house is all in flames now, though the old shell stands well."

The great stone house! It was the home of Justina, and she, perhaps, was perishing in the flames! For a moment he was stupefied by the suddenness of the shock—the next he dashed forward and mingled with the throng.

It was as they had said. A red glare shone from every window, upon the sea of human faces beneath. Mad with fear, Saville pushed his way to the front ranks of the crowd.

"Where are the inmates? Have they been saved?"

"Not yet," said a fireman, laboring vigorously at the pump. "But there's three gallant fellows gone up those ladders you see yonder, and they will soon have them out. Ah—there they come!"

A shout of applause rang forth from that great multitude, as three firemen stood on the roof, each with a female figure in his arms. A fourth figure, which Saville recognized as Alfred, followed, and as they all began their descent, a small gray kitten perched upon the shoulder of one of the firemen. It was the pet of Justina, thus saved from a fearful death.

"The servants have escaped from the lower floors," said the fireman. "And now no one remains in the house. So work away my brave fellows, with a will. No lives lost, thank God!"

Saville echoed his exclamation of praise, and rushed eagerly forward, as the rescued family were safely landed upon the ground. Two of the group—Alfred and his mother, he knew—another, he supposed to be an invalid from the care with which they supported her. He turned to the last, who was still clinging, giddy and faint, to the fireman's arm.

"Oh, my darling!" he murmured, as he bent over her. "God only knows what I suffered until I saw you safe. But I should have been the one to have rescued you, Justina."

The girl—it was the ladies' maid—started and looked up into his face.

"What do you mean? Where is my dear mistress?"

His white face and quivering lips told her all. She threw back her head, and with a scream of horror, fell down in a fit.

"What is it? what is it?" cried the crowd, pressing around. But Saville was already far away.

"Where is Justina's room?" he gasped, as he reached the side of Mrs. Ernstein. "Speak quickly, for the love of Heaven, or she will perish in the flames."

"My dear general, how white you are. Justina is safe—a fireman brought her down, just before me."

"Oh, my God—no!" groaned Saville. "It was a servant, and Justina may be dying. Show me the room—quick!"

What he had said had been caught up by eager listeners, and circulated among the crowd. It came to Mrs. De Courcey's ears, at last. The poor lady lost color and strength, in an instant, and fell, as if she had been dead. Alfred caught her, and gave her in his mother's charge.

"Stay with her—get her away from here"—he faltered—"and if the worst happens—— Good bye, dear mother—I am going to save her, or die beside her."

"Oh, Alfred—Alfred! you will break my heart. Do not leave me now. I never shall see you alive again."

She caught, with feeble hands, at his coat, and tried to keep him beside her.

"Mother," he said desperately, "let me go, or I shall curse you. Would you have me leave one I love more than life, to perish here in the flames? Let me go!"

He tore himself away, and rushed to the ladder. She saw him mount amid the smoke and flame, and with a low cry, sank, insensible, beside her friend. For a time, at least, her sorrow was dulled. The pitying bystanders, bore the two senseless women to a house near by, and left them in kind hands till all was over.

Quickly as Alfred sprang up the ladder that bent and shook beneath his light weight, one had been before him. One who flew, rather than walked along the long corridor, through the stifling flames, towards Justina's room.

The door yielded to his touch. Within the room, the flames had begun to creep around their victim, who lay like a child in a deep sleep upon her bed, with her arm thrown above her head, as tranquil and quiet, while danger and death were close beside her, as if she had been sheltered from all harm.

"Justina—Justina! wake and come with me!" he cried, throwing his arms around her, and trying to lift her from the pillow.

She woke with a sudden start, and looked up in his face with a cry of affright.

"You here? Oh what does this mean?"

"It means that you are in the greatest danger, my Justina—that the house is in flames. Look around you! Another moment, and I should have been too late! Oh my love—my life—pray for us both! And if we cannot escape, at least we can die together—and you will be mine in death, if not in life."

"Justina—Justina! Oh, where are you," cried the voice of Alfred, who had now reached the corridor, and was rushing blindly through the smoke.

"Do you hear?" cried Saville savagely. "He you love, has come to save you, too. But he shall never take you from me. Cling to me, my darling, and let me raise you in my arms."

She threw her arms around his neck. He held her upon his broad breast, as easily as if she had been a child, and hurried from the room towards the window at the end of the corridor.

But Alfred met him midway there.

"Where is Justina?" he cried hoarsely. "Have you found her, Saville?"

"I have her here in my arms."

The young man could not quite stifle a jealous pang, even then, at the thought of her reposing there.

"I owe you more than I can ever repay," he said, hurriedly. "I will take her now. Come, my poor Justina."

He was about to take her from Saville's arms. But the latter pushed him back so rudely that he staggered.



EUSTACE SAVILLE RESCUING JUSTINA FROM THE FLAMES.

"Do not lay your hand upon her, sir," he said savagely. "I have saved her from a dreadful death at the risk of my own life. She belongs to me, now."

"Justina—you hear what he says," cried Alfred, beside himself with passion.

She clung to him more closely.

"Fool!" said Saville. "Is this a time to stand parleying here, when life and death are hanging in the balance? Elsewhere, I will give an account of myself—but here, stand in my way no longer."

He at once moved the young man from his path, and stepped out upon the ledge of the window. A great shout arose as the crowd below saw the burden he bore, and a messenger hurried off to the house where Mrs. De Courcey had been taken, with the good tidings.

Alfred rushed to the window, and looked down at his rival descending securely, with a strange feeling of hatred at his heart. He was powerless. Struggle as he might, he could not win back the love Justina had given to another—and at the thought, he covered his face with his hands and groaned in despair.

"Save yourself! Save yourself!" shouted the people below.

He looked around him in bewilderment. Mechanically he stepped out upon the window, and placed his foot upon the first round of the ladder. Giddy with the smoke that was pouring in his face, and half stupefied by the grief he felt, he groped a moment with his hands, grasped in vain at the ladder, wavered a moment in the act of falling, and then came heavily down upon the pavement, at the feet of the horror-stricken crowd—no more a loving, despairing man, but a body without sense, quivering in pain and agony.

Justina saw nothing of all this. Borne in the arms of Saville, she soon reached the house where her mother and Mrs. Ernstein had been taken.

"I must see you, if it is only to speak one word before I go," he murmured, as he gave her into the hands of her hostess.

She shook her head.

"Do not deny me," he whispered. "Look to your mother and her friend, and get dressed and rested yourself. I can wait as long as you please. Only one word before I go, for the sake of what has passed to-night, Justina."

She blushed, as she glanced down at her flowing dressing-gown, and remembered how he had borne her through the flames.

"I will come down as soon as I am rested," she said, as she left the room.

To Mrs. De Courcey and Mrs. Ernstein it was like meeting one raised suddenly from the dead, when Justina entered the room. They kissed her, they wept and laughed by turns over her, and committed all the extravagances peculiar to such times and scenes.

"And Alfred?" said Mrs. Ernstein, at last, wiping her eyes and taking breath. "Why did he not come in with you, that we might thank him for restoring you to us. Go and bring the dear brave boy—I am impatient to embrace him."

A sudden pang pierced Justina's heart as she heard his name. She had fogotten, in her agitation, to see if he was safe. And this was the return she had made, when he had perilled his life for her!

"Oh, my dear girl," continued the fond mother—"when I saw him rush towards the ladder, I felt as if all hope was gone. He is my only son, Justina—forgive me, if, for a moment, I wished you had never been born. But let me tell you, girl," and she placed her hand upon her shoulder—"the devotion of a life can alone repay the generous love which tempted him to throw himself into those flames for your sake."

"I know it—I know it!" answered the conscience-stricken girl, feeling as if the earth should open beneath her feet, and swallow her, in punishment for her perfidy. "But Mrs. Ernstein, Alfred did not bring me away, after all."

"How was that? I saw him rushing up the ladder, with my own eyes—and then I fainted, and knew nothing more."

"Alfred was there," said Justina, with downcast eyes. "But not quite so soon as one other person, who snatched me from my bed while the flames were all around me, and bore me down the ladder. It was this gentleman who brought me here."

"And who was he?" said Mrs. Ernstein, looking steadily at her.

"General Saville."

"He took you from your bed and brought you here?"

"Yes, Madam."

"And where was Alfred?"

"There."

"How did it happen, then," said the lady coldly, "that you allowed General Saville to take you away. In so slight a dress, too," she said reproachfully.

Justina's cheek flushed hotly.

"I am not aware, Madam, that with flames on every side of them, persons generally stop to make a full toilet."

"Your affianced husband would have been the most proper person to confide yourself to, in such a dress—and not a stranger," was the severe reply.

"Perhaps it would have been wiser to stay and burn."

"Justina!"

It was Mrs. De Courcey who spoke, but the haughty spirit had been aroused, and the girl would not answer.

"Where is my son?" asked Mrs. Ernstein, after a momentary pause.

"Stay here. I will go and see," said Justina. In spite of her anger, she was sorry for her neglect, and uneasy at the absence of Alfred, and had determined to despatch Saville at once, in search of tidings of the young man.

General Saville was lying upon a sofa, looking pale and haggard, and older than she had ever seen him before. But he sprang up as she entered, and folding her to his heart, kissed her brow.

"At last, my love—my darling," he murmured. "Now come and sit down here beside me, for I have much to say."

"Oh, I cannot—I cannot. I am anxious about Alfred," she murmured.

He let her go, as if an adder had stung him, and looked darkly in her face.

"You love him then, Justina. You love him better than you love me."

"Oh, do not say that!" she murmured, bending her head before him submissively. "You said, to-night, that I clung to you in preference to him. But his poor mother is so anxious. And if anything should happen to him, through my means, I should never forgive myself."

"He is safe," said Saville, moodily. "But remember one thing, Justina—neither this man nor any other can come between us now. You have virtually given yourself to me to-night. I have redeemed my treasure from the very jaws of death; and he must be a bold man," he added, with an evil look that made her tremble—"that would reach out his hand and try to tear it from me."

A bustle in the passage interrupted him. The door opened, and four men entered, bearing between them the crushed and mutilated body of Alfred Ernstein. A surgeon followed, and showed them where to lay him. The poor young man groaned faintly and opened his eyes as they laid him upon a sofa and left the room.

A voice of thunder seemed saying to the unhappy girl, who looked down upon him in mute horror—

"This is your work—you have killed him!"

She sprang from the side of Saville as if he had been a monster, and kneeling by the couch, took up the poor pale hand and raised it to her lips.

"I have brought sorrow—and it may be, death—upon him," she said, in a low strange tone. "But I will not desert him now. I will stay beside him to the last."

"Justina—listen to me," pleaded Saville.

She rose to her feet, and motioned him away.

"Only one word!"

She walked slowly passed him to the door. He would have caught her by the hand, but she drew it away.

"Do not touch me," she said solemnly. "I am going to break the news to his unhappy mother—and let her curse me if she will. As for you—let this be our last meeting. We should never—never meet again!"

She glided through the door like a spirit. With a muttered curse, he pulled his cap over his brow, and rushed from the house.

CHAPTER XI.

THE WELCOME HOME.

I cannot attempt to analyze the nature of Justina's thoughts, as she watched beside the sick bed of her betrothed husband. Remorse and grief sat there with her, night after night, and her full form wasted, and her cheek grew thin, till the physician in attendance grew alarmed, and prescribed a change of air for her, as well as for the invalid.

As soon, therefore, as Alfred was able to bear removal, the family set out for Penryth, the country seat bequeathed to Mrs. Ernstein by her indulgent husband. Here the early days of Alfred's boyhood had been passed, and here, it was hoped, he would recruit his wasted strength, under the shadow of its venerable trees.

To Justina any change was welcome. Continual brooding on one subject had almost made her mad. At heart she felt herself a murderess, whenever she looked upon the crushed form of Alfred, and remembered that all was done and suffered through love of her, and she shrank from his grave, kind glance, and the friendly touch of his hand, though he had often assured her of his love and entire forgiveness.

Of General Saville she knew nothing. At first, he had called repeatedly, and the monotonous "not at home" of the grave servant, and his constant refusal to deliver any note or message to Justina, seemed to have discouraged him. Sometimes, at night, when Justina, pacing the floor with sleepless anxiety, went to the window and leaned out for a breath of fresh air, her heart beat quickly at the sight of a tall figure, wrapped in a military cloak, that seemed to keep step with her upon the opposite side of the street,—but she turned away before a look or word could pass between them, and vanished from his sight like a troubled dream. She never spoke his name—it seemed to be tacitly ignored by every person in the house.

But though she seemed severe, at heart she was only too lenient towards him. His only crime had been the loving her too well—and hers, the deep, strong and strange interest he had roused within her. She could not, in reality, feel that she had wronged Alfred by cherishing such a feeling, though her worldly wisdom taught her so. For even while the stranger had become so dear, her lover was still cherished in her heart. Some strong and irresistible tie seemed binding her to Saville, which she could never break, and never, in her heart, deny. But Alfred, in spite of this, was loved as tenderly as ever.

It was with a heavy heart that she prepared to leave London, although, at the same time, she longed for new scenes and new thoughts. She came down first to the carriage, to arrange the pillows on which Alfred was to lie. When she had finished her task, she stood looking sadly beyond the iron palings of the Park, at the little spot of ground where the ruins of her other home were strewed around. It was a dreary sight to see, on a morning so bright and fair, that even grim old London brightened under its smile—and she sighed heavily as she looked.

Her sigh was echoed back again. She started, turned around, and saw Saville standing beside her. No longer gay and gallant, but pale and worn and haggard, and looking ten years older than when she had first seen him.

"So changed!"

The words fell from her lips unconsciously. He smiled sadly, and took her gloved hand in his.

"Yes, Justina—so changed—and for you!"

She turned paler yet, and put her other hand up as if to stop him.

"Oh, why are you here?" she asked. "What evil spirit—for I know it could not have been a good one—has brought us two together. Leave me, Saville; oh, would to God I had never met you!"

He dropped her hand, and stood looking at her with a melancholy air.

"And has it come to this, Justina? Are you, indeed, so fickle? You loved me once."

She colored painfully.

"And you love me still," he said, vehemently. "Aye, your lips may deny it, but the heart's blood rises to your cheek, girl, to show the truth. You love me yet—and in the name of that love, I ask you why you have avoided me so?"

"General Saville—is this generous? is this manly?" was the proud reply. "Whatever feeling I may have been weak enough to cherish for you, it is my duty to forget you now. The happiness of another is in my hands, and I cannot prove recreant to my trust. If ever you loved me—and I believe you have done so—leave me now. I hear them moving on the upper stairs. They are bringing Alfred down to the carriage. It would never do for him to see you in his present weak state, and I cannot believe you are cruel enough to stay, Saville," she added, in an agony of entreaty, "why do you stand and look at me so. They will be here in a few moments—for God's sake, leave me while there is yet time."

"And never see you again?"

"Never."

"You do not mean it, Justina."

"It is best—at least for years to come—that we should not meet. Farewell, Eustace, and may God bless you. For never shall we meet again this side of the grave."

"Is it possible," he said, with a scornful smile, "that you think me so weak that I can give you up at a moment's warning like this. Justina, I do not know how you have loved, but I am incapable of this."

"For my sake, go!" pleaded the girl, as voices and footsteps above now became more audible

"And why?"

"They are bringing him down—Alfred."

He did not move.

"You cannot be so rash, so cruel," she pleaded. "Think what an effect so sudden a shock might have upon him now."

He turned upon her with a fierce exclamation.

"You have no thought for me! You waste your pity and love on a whining boy, and think I will stand tamely by and see him carry off all that is dear to me, without a word. By heavens, no! You belong to me, Justina—and something within me tells me to claim and hold you as I do now."

In the gray dawn of the silent street, he drew her closely to his side, and bending down, pressed his lips to hers. For one moment it seemed that she must yield, and meet and brave all, so that she might only be with him; but the next, strength and consciousness returned, and she struggled to free herself from him.

"It is useless," he said, quietly. "I will not release you till you comply with my conditions."

"Name them."

"Tell me where you are going?"

"To Mrs. Ernstein's country seat—Penryth."

"In what county?"

"Dorsetshire."

"Very well. On the evening of the third day from this I shall be waiting for you at the lodge gate of her house. I shall wait precisely one hour. If, at the expiration of that time, you do not come, I shall pass through the gate, enter the house, and see you there."

"You will not dare."

He laughed bitterly.

"Will I not? I tell you, Justina, so strong a tie binds me to you—so closely are you connected with my inner life—that there is nothing I dare not do to win you. Will you meet me there?"

"Oh, leave me—if you love me—if you have any mercy in your heart."

"Love such as mine knows no mercy. I can see your friends upon the stairs," he added, looking in through the hall door. "You have but a moment, and if you do not answer, as I live I will stay and meet them all. Will you come?"

"Yes."

"You are wise. And now farewell, my darling. Remember—at the lodge gate, on the third evening from this, just as the twilight settles into darkness. See that you do not disappoint me."

He kissed her hastily, and hurried down the street. Justina stepped from the porch which had sheltered them from any curious gaze, out into the open air, and struck her hand upon her forehead with a feeling of utter despair.

"We have kept you waiting a long time, my dear, I am afraid," said Mrs. Ernstein, as she directed the servants in carrying their precious charge.

"Not at all—not at all. The fresh air has done me good," said Justina, hurriedly. And going up to her mother, who leaned upon the arm of her maid, she folded her velvet shawl around her carefully, and assisted her to her seat.

The carriage was one of those roomy, old-fashioned affairs, which seem capacious enough to shelter a whole regiment. There was, therefore, no excuse for Justina's remaining behind, especially as the servants were to come down that day by coach.

She watched the proceedings with an absent air. All was at length arranged—the two invalids were comfortably placed—the last messages and charges given to the grave servant, and nothing remained but to go. Justina stepped into the carriage, and seated herself by her mother's side—the footman closed the door with a loud slam—the coachman cracked his whip, and they whirled away.

But as she gazed idly from the window at the well-known streets she was leaving, perhaps forever, the blood rushed to her cheek at the sight of Saville, who had halted upon the corner to witness their departure. He lifted his hat as she looked out at him, and smiled. The memory of this triumphant smile, and the thought of the meeting it seemed to foretell, filled her with a thousand forebodings. And it was with a heavy heart, and a dimmed eye, that she looked out upon the fair, pure sky, and the beautiful scenery of one of the most lovely spots in England, the county of Dorsetshire.

The journey had been made by easy stages, on Alfred's account, and it was late on a beautiful summer's day when the carriage drove slowly up the long avenue that led to the gates. Justina, tired of the slow motion of the carriage, had left it to walk for a short distance towards the house.

It was a lovely evening. The girl looked around her with a grateful heart. So long accustomed to the smoky air of London, that which she was now breathing came to her, laden with health and inspiration. The sky above her was fast losing its clear blue, and taking upon itself that cool delicious tint of pearly gray we often see at evening, while in the west, a rosy red brightened and deepened into a vivid crimson at the extreme edge of the horizon.

To Justina the long, quiet English twilights had a peculiar charm. They seemed to bring back the pleasant childhood that lay behind her, like a half-forgotten dream. And on this night her thoughts went wandering back to the little red farm-house among the Granite Hills. As the day declined, she saw the farmer's wife, (who had been the only mother her friendless youth had ever known,) go to the little side door, and blow upon the tin horn that hung there, a summons to that primitive New England meal, supper. She saw the farmer and his men coming up from the field, while the patient oxen lagged behind, and the fine cows came lowing home. She saw the darkness gather in upon cows, sheep and oxen, safely sheltered in the barn-yard—upon the kitchen, clean and bright, with the well-remembered group around the fireside—her father and mother side by side in their great arm chairs—the kindly faces of the neighbors—and the dark head of the little girl, her former self, who sat upon her little stool, with the great dog stretched by her side, listening to the conversation of those around her, or dreaming, with her large dark eyes fixed upon the fire, such dreams as an imaginative child may know—but nothing half so strange as her after life had been.

She started and looked around her. Oh! very different from the rough New England farmhouse was the scene that now met her gaze. The setting sun sent his last rays down in a shower of gold, that lingered lovingly on the stone and iron of the great lodge gate, before which she now stood. The house itself, though at some distance, was perfectly visible to her. It was a large and finely-designed mansion, built of vari-colored bricks, and with turrets, towers, oriole windows, and balconies enough to satisfy the taste of the most romantic architect. A smoothly-shaven lawn, in front of the house, sloped down to a mimic lake, and the grounds themselves seemed in the finest order. The old picture faded from her mind as this new and beautiful one rose before her eye. But when she looked at the lodge gates, a sudden remembrance made her sicken.

"Here I must meet him soon," she said to herself. "It is now the evening of the second day. To-morrow night I shall know all. God grant he may be merciful and generous with me, or I fear I am too weak to deny him what he asks. And yet, once I would not have stooped to this clandestine meeting—I would not once have bowed so blindly before this man. Where has my haughty spirit gone? Why is it that when he speaks I feel that I must obey?—I, whom no one, not even my dear mother, has ever been able easily to control? Can it be that love is changing me as strangely as I have seen it change others? I will not have it so!"

As she turned away to watch the carriage, which was approaching slowly, her eye fell upon something white in the hedge beside her. She drew it forth with idle curiosity. What was her astonishment at seeing a note directed to herself! She tore it open with eager haste, and read as follows:

"If I know you, you will visit this place before the appointed time. So I leave a token of my presence to remind you of our promised interview. I am here a little before you; but that does not matter, as I shall not think of intruding upon you before the time specified. But post-horses are speedier than others care to be;—is it my fault?

"Remember your promise—and meet me here on the third evening. In case you fail, I shall remember mine, and meet you *there!*"

There was no signature—no address—nothing that could compromise her, or implicate him; and yet, what a tone of triumph ran through the whole letter! How plainly it said to her—"You are in my power, and struggle as you may, you can never free yourself from me!"

She hid the note; and bending her head upon her breast, groaned bitterly. A course of deception fretted her proud, frank spirit; and yet she had been forced into it by circumstances over which she had no control. The peaceful solitude of the New England farm-house rose up before her once again, in vivid contrast with the anxious uncertainty of her present life; and, leaning against the lodge gate, something very like a tear dimmed her proud, dark eyes, as she wished, from her very heart, that she had been left to grow up, in innocent tranquility, a plain farmer's daughter of the rough New Hampshire hills.

"Why—what is the matter with Justina?" said Mrs. Ernstein, looking out of the carriage window, as they halted beside her, while the footman got down to open the gate. "Are you tired, my dear, or ill?"

"Neither," said Justina, gravely. And advancing to the carriage, she took her place again: "I was only thinking that this was but a sad return for you."

"How so?"

She looked at Alfred, who, from his cushions, was gazing out delightedly at the well-remembered places.

Mrs. Ernstein smiled fondly.

"Oh, my dear, you mistake me entirely. I should be the most ungrateful of women if I was not happy to see the dear, old place again. And as for my boy—the fine air of Dorsetshire will soon set you up—will it not, Alfred?"

"Yes, mother," he said, with a dreamy look, as if he had scarcely heard what she had been saying. But Justina looked at his wasted face, and sighed. He heard her, and turned around. Her dark eyes drooped before him.

"Justina," he said, gently, "why do you look at me so?"

"You are so pale, so ill, Alfred—and I am the cause of all."

"Justina—this bracing air has already done more for me than a host of doctors could ever accomplish. I shall soon be well and strong again. And as for all that has passed—have I not told you often how fully I forgive you? Let us forget all that passed then, Justina, and begin a new life in this new home. And this shall be the pledge of silence between us."

He raised her hand to his lips and kissed it. It was well for his peace of mind that he did not see the deep and sudden flush that rose to her brow when he alluded to Saville.

The carriage stopped before a marble portico, with a long flight of stone steps. The hall doors were open, and several servants stood around, with looks expressive of the delight they felt at seeing their mistress and young master once again. The small figure of Mrs. Ernstein seemed to grow taller and more dignified, as she sprang from her carriage and stood upon the threshold of her own house, to receive her guests.

"Welcome to Penryth, my dear friends," she said, kissing mother and daughter as they came up the steps together. "Alfred, my darling, welcome home. Eveleen, your maid has been here long enough to know all about her rooms. If you will be kind enough to put yourself under her guidance, you will find that every provision has been made for your comfort. I must see myself to Alfred's rooms. Dinner will be ready within an hour. Till then, you will pardon me if I say adieu."

They separated, and the little lady's maid, delighted with her new home, and the arrival of her young mistress, conducted them to their rooms, chatting volubly about the place all the way. When she had seen her mother comfortably established in her own room, Justina followed the girl to hers. It was a light, pretty, cheerful apartment, with a pleasant little dressing-room opening out of it. She flung herself down in the easy chair with a sigh of relief.

"Has any one left any message here for us?" she asked of the girl.

"No one, Miss Justina."

"And you have seen no one here—you used to see in London?"

With the quick instinct of her kind, the girl gave a shrewd guess as to the rank and position of the individual referred to.

"So, so," she thought with an arch smile, "my dear Miss Justina, for all her proud ways, is no better off than the rest of us, and loves some one in London as much as I love John the footman."

"You do not answer me," said Justina turning upon her so suddenly as to destroy her composure entirely. "Can it be possible that he has dared to——"

She stopped short, and bit her lip, feeling that she had been guilty of a great imprudence in allowing such words to escape her lips. But the servant had tact enough to let the unfinished sentence pass unnoticed.

"There has been no one here, my lady," she said. "We were dull enough till you came. One whole day in this great house without seeing you. It was enough to give one the horrors—but thank goodness it is all over, and now——"

"And now," said Justina quietly, "you may go to my mother. I will dress myself."

"Are you sure you will not want any help. I have not offended you, have I?" said the girl, just ready to weep at the very thought of such a thing.

"No—you have not offended me," said Justina, in a kind tone. "But my mother may need you, and I wish to be alone."

The girl went slowly away, wondering what strange change had come over her young mistress; and Justina, after locking the door behind her, threw herself down in the easy chair once more, and buried her face in her hands.

[TO BE CONTINUED IN OUR NEXT.]

"REST."

BY TAMAR ANNE KERMODE.

How sweet is rest!
The way-worn traveller, as he draws near home,
Forgets his trouble, his fatigue and pain,
And thinks of the loving smile, and gentle tone,
That will softly welcome the wanderer again;
And he is blest.

How sweet is rest!
Those who have passed along the vale of life
Have borne the heat and burden of the day,
Have bent beneath its heavy care and strife—
Welcome the voice of Death, when he bids them come away—
They know 'tis best.

How sweet is rest!
The dreamless rest that's found within the tomb;
Rest for the weary heart and busy brain.
For these the grave is not encased in gloom—
There grief's touch they cannot feel again—
For they are blest!

Baltimore, Feb. 12, 1857.

A WOMAN'S WORK.

Great was the excitement in all Lyndale when the tidings spread that Helen Littlefield was going to marry Andrew Lester. All the women went visiting except the visited, and it was hard to tell which moved fastest, tongues or knitting needles, in these congregations of gossippers. All the men talked it over, too; in front of the store, lounging on empty boxes, or on the tavern stoop, or in the fields, or barns, or wherever they chanced to meet. For it is a fact that cannot be gainsaid that men do *love* to gossip, and do gossip, and that half the stories that circulate in country neighborhoods or in villages originate with the "lords of creation," in spite of the high and mighty air with which they talk about "old women" and "tea and scandal."

Why this very story of Helen Littlefield's engagement was first told by Andy Lester's brother, who was the blacksmith down at the corners. He told it to six or eight men, who had gathered in the smithy one rainy day, and before the next morning it was known to all their wives, and mothers, and sisters. After this beginning, it was not long before all Lyndale had canvassed the matter thoroughly in all its bearings upon the parties principally concerned, and their respective families.

It was generally agreed that Helen Littlefield was throwing herself away, it being conceded that Andrew Lester was not, and never would be, worth "a brass farthing," a contemptuous valuation of that individual expressing the very lowest estimate of his powers and capabilities, as well as of his pecuniary resources.

The old farmers shook their heads and averred that Helen was a "proper fine gal," the younger ones, and all the spruce clerks and mechanics agreed, and some of them ventured to give mysterious hints of what might have been if they had only honored the lady so far as to "pop the question" before this engagement took place.

Among the women, old and young, there were dissenting voices whenever Helen's beauty was the theme of conversation. Some wondered what people found to admire in those long curls "all stringing round her face," and some thought no person could be handsome with such a horrid brown complexion. But that she was too good for Andrew Lester—nobody doubted that, though some of the girls could not help acknowledging to themselves that they should have no very insuperable objections to so handsome a lover.

Meanwhile Helen Littlefield was very quietly happy, and Andrew Lester rather boisterously so. The lovers had been full of fears that they should not obtain the consent of their parents to their marriage. And, even now, they could not quite comprehend how it was that the course of their true love should run so smooth.

Helen was the only child of her parents, and old Squire Littlefield was not only the wealthiest, but the most influential man in Lyndale, one who had held all sorts of civil offices, had been sent again and again to the Legislature, and would undoubtedly have been elected to Congress only that he had declined the nomination when it was proposed to him, on the ground that he could not separate himself from his family, that family having just been made complete, after fifteen years of childless wedlock, by the arrival of that little daughter who been ever since as the "apple of her father's eye."

It was the more surprising, then, that he should have consented to give her in marriage to a reckless ne'er-do-well like Andrew Lester.

But Squire Littlefield was a man wise in his knowledge of the springs of human action, and well versed in all the windings of human character. He saw the germs of giant capabilities in Andrew Lester, and knew that his faults were far more the result of the injudicious training of a weak and selfish mother, than of any tendencies of his moral nature. And truly no one knew Helen Littlefield, or what she was capable of accomplishing half so well as the father who had been all her life beside her, at once playmate, guardian, friend and teacher.

Mrs. Littlefield had not acquiesced so willingly in the engagement as her husband had done. She was far from satisfied, and her husband returning home from his office a few days after it had taken place, found her in tears by the fireside of their sitting-room, while Helen, with a flushed face, and eyes that looked as if they might also have been weeping, stood in the recess of one of the windows, looking very steadily out towards the garden. She quietly glided out of the room as soon as her father entered.

"Why, mother, what's the matter?" said the old Squire in his cheery voice, sitting down beside her, and taking his "auld wife's" hand in his in the most sympathizing manner.

"Oh, nothing, husband, nothing at all. Oh, no, nothing's the matter," and she sighed dismally and sobbed louder than ever.

"But there must be something. I thought you were too wise a woman to cry for nothing."

"I am not crying," was the answer. "I am not crying at all," and the old lady wiped her eyes and tried to look as if she were not; "besides it would be of no use to cry, now that the whole thing is settled, and without consulting me, too, I must say."

"True, true, a very wise and sensible conclusion, my dear. But perhaps you will let me know what this 'whole thing' is about which you might have cried if it had not been settled."

"Pshaw, Mr. Littlefield! I declare you're enough to try the patience of Job. It's nothing, I tell you," and with that she burst into a fresh fit of weeping.

Mr. Littlefield read his newspaper very calmly, until the sobs ceased, and his wife sat up in her chair and took up her neglected knitting. Then he said,—

"Has old Mrs. Gray been here this afternoon? I thought I saw her pass the office-door."

"Yes," with a deep sigh.

"Well, I suppose you had a pleasant chat as usual."

"No, indeed we didn't, Mr. Littlefield. It will be long before I have a pleasant chat with any of my neighbors again. Long enough for all their surprise at the sacrifice Helen is going to make, and which you uphold her in, to pass away."

"Ah! well, well. So they're very much surprised that Helen is going to marry Andrew Lester, are they?"

"Yes, and I don't wonder——"

"Nor I, my dear. But, unless I am more mistaken in my views now than ever I have been before, this is but the beginning of surprises for them. They will be more strangely, if not more agreeably, surprised when, three years from this time, Andrew comes for his bride, or I have missed my calculations."

"Well, Mrs. Gray says that everybody is talking about it, and they wonder how you can consent that our Helen, who has been so well-educated, and who has so good a home, and who being an only child, will have all our property, and could marry anybody, should marry such a shiftless fellow, who has never done anything in his life but just frolic and dance and ride about. Why, he's all his life been just tied to his mother's apron-strings, and he never did an hour's work, except maybe to tend her flower-beds, or to cut and carve those miniature houses and churches and ships that lumber the house all over. And he's never been to school, except to our district schools, because his mother couldn't let him go away from home; and she thought he was too delicate to learn a trade like his brother John, and so he has just grown up and doesn't know anything at all. And he'll be a poor miserable creature all his life, and now you're going to let our Helen marry him, and they'll be as poor as poverty—I know they will, and—and—oh, I wish I had never been born, so I do."

Here she broke down, and fairly sobbed again.

Mr. Littlefield, who had been pacing the room during this harangue, now came and sat down beside his wife.

"My dear," he said, "you have hitherto trusted me willingly in all my arrangements for the family. Unless you think me suddenly smitten by a mental and moral blindness, which must henceforth unfit me for my responsibilities as your guide and protector, and Helen's until another takes my place, then you must be content to trust me in this.

"You know how I have loved Helen, what I have sacrificed in the way of political ambition that I might be always with her, and because my duty to my child was above all other duties to my fellow-beings. I have been always with her, have taught her nearly all she has learned, have superintended and carefully watched her education whenever I could not more actively interest myself in it. I have not neglected her moral training while providing for her intellect, and I can truly say that I am satisfied with my child; not that she is faultless, but that her very faults, which are almost inseparable from certain developments of her nature, only serve to indicate traits that will hereafter operate to check the growth of these slight imperfections. There is no earthly object half so precious to me as my child, and it is hardly to be supposed that, this being the case, and my opportunity of knowing all her thoughts and feelings being so great from her perfect confidence in me, I should not have interposed my undoubted influence to check the growth of her regard for Andrew Lester, in its incipient stages, had I not thoroughly approved of it.

"The very moment I learned that he was in her thoughts more than another, I set myself to the task of studying him, and long before their mutual liking had strengthened into a feeling which, if disturbed would have caused much pain to either, I had decided to give my Helen into his keeping.

"Andrew Lester bears the reputation of an indolent and reckless young man. Many a one has had such a reputation, and at last come to deserve it, a point Andrew has not yet reached, through the faults of others.

"You remember very well, my dear, that Mr. Lester died suddenly, from a terrible accident, and that his widow, a very weak and dependent woman, was so overwhelmed by the shock and her great grief, that life and reason was long considered in danger. And you remember how glad all her friends and neighbors were when, a few weeks afterward, the birth of this son diverted her mind to new channels; and how the constant anxious care of his sickly infancy, by taking her thoughts away from her sorrows soon restored Mrs. Lester to health and usefulness. She became strong in proportion as her strength was demanded by her child.

"But she is a weak woman, mentally, and a very selfish one. This boy was especially dear to her, from the circumstances of which I have spoken. She persuaded herself that he was sickly long after he grew into a strong youth, and because she fancied that she could not be happy if he was out of her sight, she has done him the great injustice of keeping him always by her side, thus denying him the cultivation both of his mental and physical powers. It is this enforced idleness, this want of occupation, that has made him wild and reckless. He is full of the enthusiasms and ardor of youth, and he has never been tamed either by study or labor. These feelings are irrepressible—but it only needs that they should be turned into right channels, especially when, as in the case of Andrew, there is, no vicious inclination, and the aims and ambitions of his life are praiseworthy.

"Andrew needs education, or rather mental discipline, for he has read much, and is by no means ignorant. He has a strong natural taste for architectural pursuits. Whether he will devote himself to naval architecture or civil, I do not know. At present he seems to have an equal taste for either, and he must have an opportunity for developing that taste and making it practical.

"I have not consented to this marriage unconditionally. Both Helen and Andrew agree to my conditions, which are these: Andrew shall go to the best school we can find, for one year, where his studies shall be directed principally in the direction of his future profession. It is too late to do more, but thought and study will come later. Afterward, he shall spend two years in acquiring the details of his business, and when that is done I am quite ready to give him Helen. And then they must go away together, to live their own lives, and do their own work, which I am persuaded they will do well.

"The only opposition I have heretofore encountered, is from Mrs. Lester. Selfish to the last, she would still retain Andrew by her side, but I told her plainly, that she would henceforth be responsible for his mis-spent life, if she allowed herself to restrain the earnest aspirations so well becoming his young manhood. And she has reluctantly consented that he shall leave home.

"Andrew has hitherto been under the influence of a weak, silly, woman, whose very love was selfish. In giving him Helen, I place around him the influence of a woman strong, wise, loving, yet gentle, and self-sacrificing. All these qualities have manifested themselves in her conduct during these few days past. Loving Andrew as she does, she has yet been strong and brave enough to consent to that which is for his best good, and she has done it with a gentle firmness, in which I have rejoiced. Helen has her mission to perform. She was given to us, not for our selfish, individual happiness, but that she might be trained for her own particular sphere of usefulness. And that, I believe has been found. Andrew Lester without her would have lived a mistaken life, have fallen far short of his capabilities, leading a purposeless existence; or, perhaps, falling a victim to misplaced ambitions, or the vices which always allure the idle. Helen will cultivate in him every germ of noble purpose, she will take her place by his side, strong and brave enough to meet whatever of disappointment, or hope delayed, may fall upon his enthusiastic spirit; and loving enough to comfort him under every discouragement. To this true woman's work I gladly give her, satisfied that she will have stepped into the circle of her duties, and will perform them well, and glad that, though our age may be lonely, we have yet had the unspeakable felicity of developing the faculties of a soul, and training the powers of a human being, so as to fit her for the full measure of her usefulness.

"And now, dear wife, that I have told you all that is in my thoughts in relation to these children of ours, will you not coincide with me, or at least trust me, and Him who wisely orders all, for the result?"

That she did was evidenced by the fact that she never again opposed the plans of her husband, or listened to the gossip of her neighbors; but heartily seconded Helen's desires to fit herself in every respect for her coming duties. And the result was all that Mr. Littlefield predicted. Removed from all uncongenial associations, and occupied in the development of his tastes, and in learning the practical details of his profession, Andrew Lester found himself too fully and pleasantly occupied to have any longings after his old habits of recklessness. The influence of such a woman as Helen Littlefield could not remain unfelt, and worked a mighty change in the character of Andrew Lester. Three years of study and application, relieved at intervals by travel, developed and strengthened the wild youth into a man of high purposes and noble ambitions—made him worthy of the lot which was in store for him.

As Mr. Littlefield had predicted, the good people of Lyndale were surprised far more at the change wrought by those three years, than at the news of his engagement. It was the theme of gossip and of comment, and so has been every step of his most prosperous career, till now the boast of all Lyndale is that, it was the birth-place of the great architect, Andrew Lester, and of his noble wife.

VIRTUOUS INDEPENDENCE.

Who then is free?—The wise, who well maintains
An empire o'er himself; whom neither chains,
Nor want, nor death, with slavish fear inspire.
Who boldly answers to his warm desire,
Who can ambition's vainest gifts despise,
Firm in himself who on himself relies,
Polish'd and round who runs his proper course,
And breaks misfortune with superior force.

It is necessary to an easy and happy life, to possess our minds in such a manner as to be always well satisfied with our own reflections. The way to this state is to measure our actions by our own opinion, and not by that of the rest of the world. The sense of other men ought to prevail over us in things of less consideration, but not in concerns where truth and honor are engaged. When we look into the bottom of things, what at first appears a paradox, is a plain truth; and those professions, which, for want of being duly weighed, seem to proceed from a sort of romantic philosophy, and ignorance of the world, after a little reflection, are so reasonable, that it is direct madness to walk by any other rules. Thus, to contradict our desires, and to conquer the impulses of our ambition, if they do not fall in with what we in our inward sentiments approve, is so much our interest, and so absolutely necessary to our real happiness, that to contemn all the wealth and power in the world, where they stand in competition with a man's honor, is rather good sense than greatness of mind.

Did we consider that the mind of a man is the man himself, we would think it the most unnatural sort of self-murder to sacrifice the sentiment of the soul to gratify the appetites of the body. Bless us! is it possible, that when the necessities of life are supplied, a man would flatter to be rich, or circumvent to be powerful! When we meet a poor wretch, urged with hunger and cold, asking an alms, we are apt to think this a state we could rather starve than submit to: but yet how much more despicable is his condition, who is above necessity, and yet shall resign his reason and his integrity to purchase superfluities! Both these are abject and common beggars; but sure it is less despicable to beg a supply to a man's hunger than his vanity. But custom and general prepossessions have so far prevailed over an unthinking world, that those necessitous creatures, who cannot relish life without applause, attendance, and equipage, are so far from making a contemptible figure, that distressed virtue is less esteemed than successful vice. But if a man's appeal, in cases that regard his honor, were made to his own soul, there would be a basis and standing rule for our conduct, and we should always endeavor rather to be, than appear honorable.

The life of a man who acts with a steady integrity, without valuing the interpretation of his actions, has but one uniform, regular path to move in, where he cannot meet opposition, or fear ambuscade. On the other side, the least deviation from the rules of honor introduces a train of numberless evils, and involves him in inexplicable mazes. He that has entered into guilt has bid adieu to rest; and every criminal has his share of the misery expressed so emphatically in the tragedian—

Macbeth shall sleep no more!

It was with detestation of any other grandeur but the calm command of his own passions, that the excellent Cowley cries out with so much justice:

If e'er ambition did my fancy cheat
With any thought so mean as to be great,
Continue, heaven, still from me to remove
The humble blessings of that life I love!

DON'T MAKE A "FUSS."—They that govern most make least noise. You see when they row in a barge, they that do drudgery work, slash, and puff, and sweat; but he that governs, sits quietly at the stern, and scarce is seen to stir.

MILICENT, THE MILD.

BY WILLIE E. PABOR.

In the days when I was younger, both in spirit and in years,
When my hours were over-brimmed with smiles, and had not room for tears,
I had a dear companion, quite too old to be a child,
Yet hardly grown to womanhood, named Milicent, the mild.

She had wealth of auburn tresses, and a pair of saint-like eyes—
Looking out from silken lashes, with a kind of sweet surprise;
And her words were pearls of language, and the tiara she wound
Had rarer gems than ever were on Balkis' forehead bound.

When my spirit was world-weary, when my heart was sad with care,
She would ask me simple questions, with so innocent an air,
That I folded back the portals of the Castle of Delight,
And talked to her as one might talk, were angel ones in sight.

Sitting in the shade of maples, in the pleasant summer times,
I would tell her feudal stories, I would tell her wondrous rhymes;
And I very well remember, as though it were but yesterday,
Of the pleased looks she gave me, when I read of Duchess May.

Duchess May whose love so holy, Duchess May whose love so strong,
Has come down to us for comfort on the sweeping tide of song;
And I (oh, how well!) remember, how her fair face looked divine
When she said, "Such love as Duchess May's, in years hence, shall be mine!"

But one day her arms were folded, nun-like, on her quiet breast;
And though "little birds sang east," and though "little birds sang west,"
And though I stood long in waiting in the presence of the child,
She noticed neither them nor me—dead Milicent, the mild.

"Such love as Duchess May's," she said, "in years hence shall be mine"—
I often say this over as I muse at memory's shrine;
But she keeps other love than her's—such love as angels hold,
Who kneel before the great white throne, and strike their harps of gold;

And I go to a little grave, as some go to a shrine,
And sit and think what "might have been" for her life and for mine,
Had not the archer's arrow pierced the white heart of the child,
And set the loving spirit free, of Milicent the mild.

THE BANDIT'S DAUGHTER.

Behold, on yonder banks of the Ke, how luxuriant is the green bamboo! Thus elegantly adorned with virtue is the superior man! As we carve and smooth the ivory, so does he model his conduct.—APHORISMS OF CONFUCIUS.

These words of the great Confucius might justly be applied to Kang-hy, the second Emperor of China under the present Ta-tsing dynasty, for even "thus elegantly adorned with virtue" was that wise and noble monarch! On the page of Chinese history there shines no brighter name. Although but a child when, by the death of his father, Shun-che, he was elevated to the throne, he even thus early manifested a spirit and energy far beyond his years. Detecting the incompetency of the acting regency, he threw off their jurisdiction, and took the reins of government in his own hands. He embraced every opportunity of acquiring knowledge; he was at once the warrior and the statesman, the philosopher and the poet. He was in his thirtieth year (so says the chronicle), when, fatigued with the cares of royalty, he resolved to visit *incog.* a remote portion of the empire, attended only by a few of his most faithful mandarins, and officers of his court.

After traveling far, and meeting with many and strange adventures, the imperial party, one fatal morning, found themselves upon the banks of a rapid river, which it was necessary to ford, now much swollen by the recent overflowing of the great Hwang-ho, or Yellow river. The emperor was the first to dash into the turbid stream. The mandarins, although they saw the danger, hesitated not to follow their sovereign; but alas, they were but as loose straws tossed upon the angry waters! The violence of the current soon swept them from their horses. In vain, with "lusty sinews," the unfortunate men buffeted the death-dooming waves. Of all that noble band, whose hearts but one short hour before beat high with hope and happiness, the emperor alone survived; and he, also swept from his horse, was twice buried beneath the insatiate waters, and then cast senseless upon the shore.

It was long ere Kang-hy recovered his consciousness; and when he did so, his first thoughts, as had been his last ere he resigned himself as he supposed to death, were for his friends. Happily ignorant of their sad fate, he encouraged the hope that they, like himself, had been mercifully preserved. Excepting where the river rolled its turbulent, discolored waters, he found himself surrounded by a circular range of lofty hills, dark, gloomy, and densely wooded with firs and the wide-spreading mowang. Notwithstanding his exhaustion, the emperor proceeded to survey the spot where he deemed the mercy of the gods had destined him to be thrown, but the thicket seemed impervious; no trace of path or outlet of any kind could be discerned. A second time did he pursue the search, and at the base of the highest hill at length discovered a spot apparently not quite so thickly wooded, and this he resolved if possible to explore. With difficulty forcing a passage through the tangled underbrush, in many places so dense that it would seem impossible for the foot of man or beast to penetrate its intricacies, Kang-hy pursued his toilsome way for more than an hour. Then, gradually, the scene began to change. Here and there beautiful flowering trees shot up their perfumed branches. The shrubbery no longer barred his tired footsteps, but opened into cool and pleasant glades, and many a lovely wild flower peeped up at suffering royalty as he plodded wearily on.

With every step the beauty of the scene was enhanced. Beautiful parasitic plants, leaping from tree to tree, formed a pleasing and graceful shade above him. Here stood a clump of bright-hued oleanders; there the fragrant magnolia and more rare *moutan*, or tree-peony, while at a little distance, through the verdant foliage, flashed the silver ripples of a small lake. Birds of exquisite plumage flitted before him, and through the flowered colonnades proudly stalked the golden pheasant and the gaudy peacock. No wonder the emperor looked around him in amazement, for beautiful as are the touches of nature's hand, art had also evidently here contributed her more studied graces to render this spot so charming. An amphitheatre of high hills, crowned to their very summit with luxuriant forest trees, encircled this bright little lake, and no sound fell on the ear save the melody of the birds and the soft break of the water over the golden sands.

But he now perceives a beautiful pavilion, reposing like some fairy palace upon the placid bosom of the lake, while temptingly moored close at his feet a gay little pinnace seems ready to waft him thither. There was no hesitation on the part of the illustrious Kang-hy, so he instantly sprang in, and, yielding himself to the gentle influence of the scene, shot off towards the pavilion, gently guiding the little bark, that the light oar scarcely disturbed the silvery surface. He soon neared the marble stairs, around which clustered the most lovely aquatic plants; among them the sacred lotus reared its magnificent head. He listened a moment. No sound disturbed the delicious quiet; so softly stepping from the boat, he ventured gently to raise the silken drapery suspended over the entrance.

"Queen of heaven! Is it indeed thee I behold! What other can be half so lovely!"

But it was no goddess at all! Only a fair young girl, very beautiful nevertheless, reclining, asleep, upon cushions of rose-color, richly embroidered. It would appear her own gentle music had lulled her to repose, for her slender fingers were still entwined amid the strings of a lute, and her rosy lips just parted, as if the song had but that instant sweetly died away. Who can blame the emperor for gradually drawing nearer to this lovely vision—as he almost fears it will prove—and gazing enraptured upon her charms? As if on purpose to invite his skill as a musician and a poet, upon a small table rests another lute, exquisitely carved and studded with jewels. The already enamored Kang-hy gently raises it—steps noiselessly backward, never once removing his eyes from that sweet face. Once more springing into the pinnace, he pushed off a little distance from the pavilion, and then sweeping his fingers gently over the strings, thus sang:

"Why do thy pearly eyelids longer veil thy starry eyes, as does a snowy cloud o'er heaven's face obscure the stars of night? Awake, fair maid!

"Like an ivory tablet is thy polished brow, on which no stain can rest! The gods have there proclaimed thy virtue and thy excellence! Awake, fair maid!

"Thine eyebrows resemble the young crescent moon, and as a cluster of almond blossoms, resting upon the white gem unfractured, thy cheeks! Awake, fair maid!

"As pearls newly strung are thy teeth, through which plays thy gentle breath, fragrant as the sweet odor of the Choolan;* and thy lips rose-buds which the gods might pluck! Awake, fair maid!"

At this moment one of the silken curtains of the pavilion was slightly agitated, and a beautiful flower, thrown by a small, white hand, fell at the feet of the enraptured emperor. Pressing it to his lips (even as "barbarian" lovers are pretty apt to do), he placed it in his bosom, and again touched the lute to a more tender strain. But even as he sang, the maiden came forth, closely veiled, and springing into a small boat, which had lain concealed amid the shadowing leaves of the lotus, swiftly impelled it to the shore. In vain the royal lover endeavored to overtake her. Like a bird she skimmed the rippling water, and reached the bank. Clapping her little hands, four men upon the instant issued from the thicket, bearing a palanquin, and ere the boat of the eager pursuer touched the shore, all had vanished—but how, or where, he knew not. Unfortunate man! Was it then but a phantom of his imagination? Was all that had so lately passed but one of those beautiful illusions which sometimes flit around the couch of dreams? No, it cannot be, for as the "son of heaven" beats his breast in despair, he crushes the sweet flower—token of reality. Madly rushing now to the spot where his eye had last rested upon the form of the maiden, he strives in vain to discover some clue by which he can trace her mysterious disappearance. He shouts aloud, but echo alone replies; and finally throwing himself upon the ground, in an agony of disappointment, Kang-hy, that wise and powerful monarch, "lord of ten thousand years," beats his royal brows, and, in short, behaves much as would any despairing lover of our own time under the same circumstances. At length, the chronicle says, overpowered by fatigue and excitement, imperial majesty slumbered, and as he slumbered, lo, a dream!

It was, that he was borne upon the wings of some beautiful bird, far up, up, amid the hills, and then through caves where ten thousand flashing tapers poured around the effulgence of the sun at noonday. Strains of soft music filled the air, and near him floated a lovely spirit, ever bearing the same sweet face as the enchanting nymph of the lake. He awoke, and found himself lying upon a bed of leaves, within a dark and gloomy cavern; and in lieu of the bright goddess of his dream, he was surrounded by men of fierce and savage aspect.

"Wretch!" cried one, brandishing a cimeter over his head, "whoever thou may'st be that has dared to penetrate within the sacred bounds of our dominion, by the ten kings of darkness, thy head shall answer for it!"

"Ha! Catiff!" exclaimed Kang-hy, springing to his feet, fury flashing from his eyes, "darest thou lift thy hand against thy sovereign? Lay down your arms, all ye base robber horde—for know your emperor Kang-hy stands before you! Tremble! Bow your heads! Obey!"

But this announcement was received with loud shouts of uproarious laughter.

"Hi-yah,† comrades!" cried the first speaker, in a jeering tone. "Give attention to the 'lord of ten thousand years!' Tremble before Kang-hy, the 'celestial monarch,' 'son of heaven,' 'brother to the moon,' 'earth's glory!' Who will perform the ko-tow‡ before our imperial visitor? Ha! Not one! Then thus do I, Ching-yah, adore our sovereign!" Saying this, he raised his hand, and struck the emperor a blow upon the face.

Unhappy wretch! It was his last moment; for at the instant, the enraged Kang-hy, wresting his cimeter from his grasp, gave one fell blow, and the head of the taunting Ching-yah rolled upon the ground.

Surprise and horror for a moment paralyzed the robber band; then with a furious shout they rushed upon their captive.

"Beware!" suddenly exclaimed a soft voice, "beware what you do without the orders of your chief. Stand back, I command you!" and as the men fell back in sullen obedience, a young and graceful female glided to the side of the defenceless monarch. "Sheathe your cimeters and withdraw!" she continued; "the daughter of your chief commands. I alone will guard the captive."

But one, more furious than the others, pointing to the dead body of his comrade, would have rushed a second time upon the emperor.

The maiden stamped her foot in anger.

"Bind the rebel! Obey me, and cast him into the dungeon to await the doom of disobedience! Remove the body of this vile slave. Well did he merit his fate! Death is a just reward for tyranny and insult!"

The robbers immediately withdrew, bearing with them their rash comrade and the body of Ching-yah. Kang-hy now found himself alone with his fair preserver, whom, it is needless to say, he had already identified with the maiden of the pavilion. She was still closely veiled, but her form was light and graceful as the bending reed. Applying a small silver call to her lips, several attendants immediately appeared, whom she ordered to bring refreshments, and in a few moments a delicious repast of fruits and cakes was placed before the emperor.

"Stranger, enjoy the bounty which the god's send us!" she said, gracefully motioning him to be seated. "Now listen to me. Something assures me that thou art of noble birth; but from this abode thou canst not make thy escape unaided. Death is decreed to every stranger who enters within these dominions. But through my intercession the mighty chieftain Lew-yan will offer thee thy choice—to die or join the band. Accept the latter, betray no uneasiness, and in a week thou shalt be free."

"Idol of my heart!" answered Kang-hy, "thou divinest well. I am indeed the Emperor of China, but thy slave! Did not my suffering subjects demand my paternal care, to be with thee I would willingly renounce both throne and kingdom!"

In a few words he then related the events to which his present misfortunes were owing. "Now take this signet, O generous maid," he continued. "In thy noble resolve to rescue me from captivity it will be thy security for success. Take it—but rather let me die than that thou, goddess of my soul, should suffer danger or fatigue for my sake!"

The youthful Teu-ta doubted not for a moment that it was in reality the emperor who addressed her, and she would have prostrated herself at his feet in adoration had not her royal lover prevented.

At that instant was heard the shrill blast of a trumpet, mingled with gongs and other instruments.

"Hark! my father approaches!" exclaimed Teu-ta. "Remember. Do as thy humble slave has said, and may the God of safety watch over thee! We meet no more!" and the maiden hastily withdrew.

"We meet no more." These last words rendered the emperor almost distracted. "We meet no more!" The cave grew a thousand times more gloomy. "We meet no more," and for the first time the unhappy monarch of China felt he was a captive. It was some hours ere his gloomy solitude was interrupted. Then the chief Lew-yan, of tall commanding presence, entered the cavern, followed by a body of armed men, who ranged themselves around the captive. Kang-hy sprang to his feet, confronting the robber chief.

"Death is the doom of all," cried the latter, fixing his eyes sternly upon the no less haughty emperor, "who rashly venture within the limits of Lew-yan. But I am told that thou art an unfortunate traveller, whom fate, not thine own will, has placed in my power. Moreover, thou hast proved a noble spirit, by slaying the vile wretch who taunted thee with thy misfortune—though, by the head of Confucius," he added with a smile, glancing at the soiled and torn garments of Kang-hy, "thou lookest not much like an emperor, as thou hast so loudly proclaimed thyself to be. The heart of a brave man is merciful, and Lew-yan offers thee thy choice, either to die or join our noble band!"

Remembering the caution of Teu-ta, the emperor restrained the indignant answer already on his lips, and replied:

"Chieftain, life before death! Administer the oath. I bind myself to thy fortunes!"

A week has elapsed since the emperor enrolled himself as one of the robber band. It is the middle of the night. Fatigued with a day of toil and danger, the robbers stretched themselves upon the floor and slept; all but the illustrious Kang-hy, he alone was restless and unhappy. The week of promised deliverance was now at an end, but where was his generous preserver? Had she perished in attempting his freedom? Should they indeed meet no more. Then his thoughts reverted to his suffering subjects, and to the civil discords which would rack the empire at his supposed death. Escape was not impossible—he must be free—but when?—how?

While thus in gloomy foreboding, the tedious minutes wore away; a voice soft as the gentle breathing of an infant, whispered—"The hour has come! Look not around you, but go forth silently from the cave—be wary!"

"Oh, bliss unhoped for! It is the voice of Teu-ta! Down, down to the gods of darkness, ye black, despairing thoughts, for happiness and freedom are at hand!" And springing from the ground, Kang-hy cautiously passed out from that soul-loathed cavern.

The branches of the trees waved gently in the light breeze as he stepped his foot upon the dewy grass, while from her throne, high in the deep blue heavens, smiled the lovely queen of night, with countless myriads of bright twinkling stars, as if to welcome the celestial monarch once more to freedom.

There was a slight rustling near him, and Teu ta knelt before him. "Pardon my boldness, O mighty emperor!" she softly murmured, "I have a boon to ask of thee. To restore to a groaning nation their beloved sovereign I have made known the secret pass which for ages has been inviolate. For thee have I betrayed my father! Oh grant my boon, and spare, oh spare the chief Lew-yan!"

"Dearest Teu-ta!" exclaimed the emperor, raising her from the ground and pressing her to his heart, "fear not. By the shades of my ancestors I swear not a hair of thy father's head shall be injured, nor shall harm befall his brave but reckless companions. I, too, beautiful maid—more radiant in thy loveliness than yonder glorious orb—I, too, have a boon to ask—yes, the emperor can sue, even to an outlaw, for that jewel whose possession can alone give him happiness!"

Teu-ta made no answer, but gently removing to a little distance from her enraptured lover, gave a low whistle, and immediately disappeared within the shadow of the cavern.

And behold, at that sound, the dense thicket seems teeming with life—the branches are pushed aside, and forth in the moonlight steps Akwea, the favorite general of the emperor. He is followed by another, and another, until finally, more than a hundred brave officers and soldiers, with drawn cimeters, bright flashing in the moonbeams, encircled their beloved sovereign. Although Kang-hy, as is recorded, deigned graciously to smile upon his deliverers, this was no time for parley. Quickly marshalling them at a little distance from the mouth of the cave, and giving strict orders that no blood should be shed, he made a signal, when instantly the imperial battle-cry rent the air.

Bewildered with astonishment, the beleaguered bandits attempted to rush from their cavern. Their chief alone preserved his calmness, and placing himself before his men, seemed prepared to battle with their unexpected foe. But the emperor advanced alone.

"Chieftain!" he exclaimed, "surrender thee at once! On every side my brave soldiers are pressing upon thee—thou canst not escape! Then deliver up your arms submissively, and *I*, the emperor Kang-hy, heaven's vicegerant, promise a pardon to thee and thy men!"

For a moment Lew-Yan clenched the handle of his dagger and looked threateningly around upon his foes, as if willing to test his power even against that of an emperor! Then better thoughts stirred his bosom, and drawing the weapon from its sheath, he placed it in the hand of one of the imperial officers, and prostrating himself before Kang-hy, knocked his head reverently upon the ground in token of submission. His example was followed by his men, and then on every side were heard long repeated shouts of "Long live the emperor!"

In a palanquin, gorgeous with the utmost appliances of barbaric pearl and gold and fantastical ornamentation, the beautiful Teu-ta was borne from her mountain home, the emperor himself riding by her side. Great were the fireworks and rejoicings throughout the empire, at the safe return of the beloved monarch; and still greater was the rejoicing, and grander was the display of fireworks, and magnificent were the entertainments a few weeks after, on the occasion of celebrating the happy nuptials of the great Emperor Kang-hy with Teu-ta, the daughter of the renowned robber chieftain Lew-yan.

* A sweet shrub, perfuming the air for miles around, the blossoms of which are sometimes used for scenting tea.
† An exclamation of astonishment.
‡ An act of homage required by the emperor.

A SPANIARD'S REVENGE.

A PERUVIAN TALE OF THE 16TH CENTURY.

It is now some three hundred years since Licenciado Esquivel, governor of the city Potocsi,* commanded two hundred men to march out of that garrison towards the kingdom of Tucman, with strict orders to use no Indians in carrying their baggage, and placed himself at a convenient station without the gates, to observe how his orders were put in execution; he found they were wholly neglected, and that Indians were laden with the baggage of the Spaniards, but thought fit to let them march by till the last rank of all came up, out of which he seized one man called Aguire, who had two Indians laden with his goods. Within a few days after he was taken in arrest, he was sentenced to receive two hundred stripes. Aguire represented by his friends, that he was the brother of a gentleman, who had in his country an estate with vassalage of Indians, and hoped his birth would exempt him from a punishment of so much indignity. Licenciado persisted in the kind of punishment he had already pronounced; upon which Aguire petitioned that it might be altered to one that he should not survive; and though a gentleman, and from that quality not liable to suffer so ignominous a death, humbly besought his excellency that he might be hanged. But though Licenciado appeared all his life, before he came into power, a person of an easy and tractable disposition, he was so changed by his office, that these applications from the unfortunate Aguire did but the more gratify his insolence; and during the very time of their mediation for the prisoner, he insulted them also, by commanding with a haughty tone, that his orders should be executed that very instant. This, as it is usual on such occasions, made the whole town flock together; but the principal inhabitants, abhorring the severity of Licenciado, and pitying a gentleman in the condition of Aguire, went in a body, and besought the governor to suspend, if not remit, the punishment. Their importunities prevailed on him to defer the execution for eight days; but when they came to the prison with his warrant, they found Aguire already brought forth, stripped, and mounted on an ass, which is the posture wherein the basest criminals are whipped in that city. His friends cried out, "Take him off, take him off," and proclaimed their order for suspending his punishment; but the youth, when he heard that it was only put off for eight days, rejected the favor, and said, "All my endeavors have been to keep myself from mounting this beast, and from the shame of being seen naked; but since things are come thus far, let the sentence proceed, which will be less than the fears and apprehensions I shall have in these eight days ensuing; besides, I shall not need to give further trouble to my friends for intercession on my behalf, which is as likely to be ineffectual as what hath already passed."

After he had said this, the ass was whipped forward, and Aguire ran the gauntlet according to the sentence. The calm manner in which he resigned himself, when he found his disgrace must be, and the scorn of dallying with it under a suspension of a few days, which mercy was but another form of the governor's cruelty, made it visible that he took comfort in some secret resolution to avenge the affront.

After this indignity, Aguire could not be persuaded (though the inhabitants of Potocsi often importuned him from the spirit they saw in him) to go upon any military undertaking, but excused himself with a modest sadness in his countenance, saying, "that after such a shame as his was death must be his only remedy and consolation, which he would endeavor to obtain as soon as possible."

Under this melancholy he remained in Peru, until the time in which the office of Esquivel expired; after which, like a desperate man, he pursued and followed him, watching an opportunity to kill him and wipe off the shame of the late affront. Esquivel, being informed of this desperate resolution by his friends, endeavored to avoid his enemy, and took a journey of three or four hundred leagues from him, supposing that Aguire would not pursue him at such a distance; but Esquivel's flight did but increase Aguire's speed in following. The first journey which Esquivel took was to the city Los Reyes, being three hundred and twenty leagues distant; but in less than fifteen days Aguire was there with him; whereupon Esquivel took another flight, as far as to the city of Quito, being four hundred leagues distant from Los Reyes; but in a little more than twenty days Aguire was again with him; which being intimated to Esquivel, he took another leap as far as Cuzco, which is five hundred leagues from Quito; but in a few days after he arrived there, came also Aguire traveling all the way on foot, without shoes or stockings, saying, "that it became not the condition of a whipt rascal to travel on horseback, or appear amongst men." In this manner did Aguire haunt and pursue Esquivel for three years and four months; who being now tired and wearied with so many long and tedious journeys, resolved to fix his abode at Cuzco, where he believed Aguire would scarce adventure to attempt anything against him, for fear of the judge who governed that city, who was a severe man, impartial and inflexible in all his proceedings; and accordingly took a lodging in the middle of the street of the great church, where he lived, with great care and caution, wearing a coat of mail under his upper coat, and went always armed with his sword and dagger, which are weapons not agreeable to his profession. However, Aguire followed hither also, and having in vain dogged him from place to place, day after day, he resolved to make the attempt upon him in his own house, which he entered, and wandered from room to room, till at last he came into his study where Licenciado lay on a couch asleep. Aguire stabbed him with his dagger with great tranquility, and very leisurely wounded him in other parts of his body, which were not covered with his coat of mail. He went out of the house in safety; but as his resentment was sated, he now began to reflect upon the inexorable temper of the governor of the place. Under this apprehension he had not composure enough to fly to a sanctuary, which was near the place where he committed the deed; but ran into the street frantic and distracted, proclaiming himself a criminal, by crying out, "Hide me, hide me." He was arrested and hung ten days after.

The wretched fate and poor behavior of Licenciado, in flying his country to avoid the same person whom he had before treated with so much insolence, and the high resentment of a man so inconsiderable as Aguire, when much injured, are good admonitions to little spirits in exalted stations, to take care how they treat brave men in low condition.

*Now called Potosi.

A HOPELESS ENTERPRISE.

Much is said nowadays about regenerating the Turks, by the introduction of the arts, commerce and manufactures into that empire; but it cannot be done. The Turks are an Oriental people. Their faith, their habits, and customs, are all Eastern, and they want that commercial genius which distinguishes the Jew in every part of the world. The Turks have desolated the Levant. They reign over a desert. Their principles are desolating in their nature. They are a different people from the old Arabs and Saracens, whom they have subdued or annihilated. There seems to be no hope of arousing the sluggish and inactive spirit of the Turk. He is a fierce and successful warrior when his fanaticism is aroused, and he is an indolent and luxurious tyrant when he has completed his conquest; but he will suffer his house to decay rather than repair it. He hates innovation, improvements or even changes. His very clothes are handed down by a sort of tradition from father to son, and he prides himself more in old garments than in fashionable new ones. The great powers of Europe have agreed to preserve the integrity of the Turkish Empire. Not from any positive good that Turkish policy confers upon civilization, but merely from an insuperable difficulty attending the appropriation of it should it fall to pieces. What other power could supply the place of the Turk? Mahometan though he be, he is more honest and faithful as a man than the Christian Greek, who still preserves the original character of his ancesters as delineated by their Trojan rivals. The Turk is not liable to change. The Greek, when he changes, changes for the worse. There is little hope from either, arising from any known cause at present in operation. Neither peace nor war seems to make men better; and peace is not so much better than war as human kindness would fain believe; for when men are not fighting with instruments of death, they are intriguing with commercial fraud and knavery, and creating as much misery by grasping selfishness as is generally produced by military cruelty. In many countries the inhabitants experience a relief from oppression in time of war. They even long for war, as for a deliverance; for the peace of most countries is merely nominal—it is the uncontrolled and undisputed sovereignty of a tyrant; whereas, war is a disputed sovereignty, in which the rival powers frequently grant indulgences to the people which they could not otherwise enjoy. Nothing tends more to rivet the chains of an Oriental people than a long period of peace. Their tyrant is then firmly established; his power is uncontrolled, his system of extortion is thoroughly organised, and there is no possibility of escaping from his grasp.

There is no appearance of any immediate beneficial result from Eastern conquests, even were they tenfold greater than they are. The middle East, the site of the old world, is a great and mysterious desert, lying under a curse beyond the power of human diplomacy to remove.

A LESSON OF TENDERNESS.

A distinguished judge, well known for his philanthropy, when he was an Inspector of the Sing Sing Prison, was once asked how it was that a Wall street lawyer, brought into sharp collision with the world, had preserved so much tenderness of heart. "My mother was a Quaker," said he, "and a serious conversation she had with me when I was four or five years old has affected my whole life. I had joined some boys who were tormenting a kitten. We chased her and threw stones until we killed her. When I came into the house, I told my mother what we had done. She took me on her lap, and talked to me in such a moving style about my cruelty to the poor hapless little animal, that I sobbed as if my heart would break. Afterwards if I was tempted to do anything unkind, she would tell me to remember how sorry I was for having hurt the poor little kitten. I never forgot that circumstance. It impressed me so deeply, that when I became a man, I could never see a forlorn wretch run down by his fellow-beings, without thinking of that hunted and pelted little beast."

USES OF THE SABBATH.

If there were no other consequences of it, but barely that human creatures on this day assemble themselves before their Creator, without regard to their usual employments, their minds at leisure from the cares of this life, and their bodies adorned with the best attire they can bestow on them; were this mere outward celebration of a Sabbath all that is expected from men, even that were a laudable distinction, and a purpose worthy the human nature. But when there is added to it the sublime pleasure of devotion, our being is exalted above itself; and he who spends a seventh day in the contemplation of the next life, will not easily fall into the corruptions of this in the other six. They who never admit thoughts of this kind into their imaginations, lose higher and sweeter satisfactions than can be raised by any other entertainment.

INVISIBLE LIVING CREATURES.

The whole creation preys upon itself. Every living creature is inhabited. A flea has a thousand invisible insects that teaze him as he jumps from place to place, and revenge our quarrels upon him. A whale, besides those seas and oceans in the several vessels of his body, which are filled with innumerable shoals of little animals, carries about him a whole world of inhabitants; insomuch that, if we believe the calculations some have made, there are more living creatures, which are too small for the naked eye to behold, about the leviathan, than there are of visible creatures upon the face of the whole earth. Thus, every nobler creature is, as it were, the basis and support of multitudes that are his inferiors.

SQUINTING.—Children, when they first begin to perceive, always turn anxiously to the light; besides the agreeable sensation, the retina is strengthened by the action of the rays. Whenever, therefore, care is not taken so as to place the infant so that the light may strike both eyes equally, one generally becomes stronger than the other, and it is not sufficiently known to parents and nurses, that one primary cause of "ocular indecision," as squinting has been sometimes styled, is an inequality in the strength of the eyes.

LOST.—Somewhere between sunrise and sunset two golden hours, each set with sixty diamond minutes. No reward is offered, for they are lost forever.

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In addition to the above unequalled array of distinguished authors, we are favored with occasional contributions from scores of other popular writers, as will be seen by reference to our columns from week to week.

THE COUNTRY SAFE.

The bugbear of danger from expansion of territory, which has agitated the croaking prophets of our country, and of Europe, is becoming an obsolete idea. What warnings have not been given to the "Model Republic," to hold herself in check, to be careful how she oversteps the barriers of rivers and mountains, and boundery nations. Each step in the path of annexion, whether she compassed wilderness by treaty with its savage owners, or purchased territory from neighboring States, or conquered it in wars forced upon her, has been a fresh occasion for predicting danger and destruction to the Union. How often has the image of Rome, broken by her superincumbent weight, been suggested as an example of what would ensue to this Republic if she did not sternly limit her growth.

How few have comprehended that time and space are no longer the arbiters of the destiny of nations, when the eternal principles of equality, freedom and justice, become the triple genius of government. This Union has already expanded beyond the furthest bound marked by the imagination and prophecy of its founders. Comprehensive as were their ideas, they saw the Mississippi on the very horizon of New World Empire, and we doubt if the most enthusiastic of the "Fathers" dreamed of the Republic reposing its western side against the Rocky Mountains. In less than a century from the birth of this Union, it has passed both river and mountains, and now points with the impatience of restraint against the Atlantic and Pacific Oceans. The thought of limit is now only a memory. Still the Republic gives no sign of weakness. Every step on the four lines of the compass has but strengthened the colossal figure that made it.

Republicanism, as developed in this prodigy of nations, is the common, universal want of all men, of all nations, and if the great Globe were its arena, it would be as potent to rule and satisfy a thousand million of souls, as it now is to rule and satisfy twenty-five millions. Science, art and enterprise, have destroyed the rocks of *time* and *space* on which old Empires foundered, and the reduction of Government to its true elements—the equality and sovreignty of the people—has left nothing to prevent the whole world from becoming one nation, even as its races are, and ever were, under God, but one great human family. The continent is less broad as a prospective boundary of our Union, now, than was the outline of the Mississippi a century ago. A century hence, when the cruel art of war shall live but in the memories of men—a hemisphere will seem narrower than does a continent now. Differences of language will be of little account, when ideas and interests are united. Toward that point the world is moving. Republicanism is fast ripening in the heart of the human race. Once ripe, its principles will crush the social, political, and religious antagonisms of races, and the two hemispheres (God grant) will be but two mighty nations. But for the ocean there need be but one.

VARIETY THE RULE OF NATURE.

If there be one peculiarity in the works of God more noticeable than another, it is the infinite variety which they present. Variety would really seem to be contesting with "order" the precedence of being "Heaven's *first* law."

Inspect the different natural objects around you, and observe carefully the wondrous diversity of which we speak. Not a tree of the forest is precisely a fac-simile of any other tree, however they may "look alike" to the careless eye, of which the poet has sung:

> "Who visit nature with a careless eye,
> Admire the work, but pass the *lesson* by!"

Neither are the limbs and branches of the same tree alike—no, not even the leaves! So it is with the grasses and the flowers—so with the lower orders of animal life—so with the individuals of the highest order, man himself. If you doubt this inference, look again, and more carefully. Show us the two human forms, or human faces, that have been found invariably alike, on close and minute inspection. They cannot be found.

But look at the temperaments, the casts of countenance, the tones of voice, the gestures, the locomotions of the most *resembling* persons within the whole range of your acquaintance—and tell us, frankly, if variety is not the rule of nature?

MRS. SOUTHWORTH'S NEW STORY will shortly be commenced in the LEDGER. It is a charming production, and cannot fail to add largely to the reputation of the distinguished authoress. All the novelettes that Mrs. Southworth writes hereafter will be published only in the LEDGER. She will not write a *single line* for any other paper, and no other paper has any authority to announce her name as a contributor!

THE INSANE!

Who can speak the word "*insane*," without the accent of emotion?—who write it without a point of exclamation?

Alas! for the insane! Their fates is full of the most painful associations—for what is insanity but the condition of an immortal mind in ruins!

But we designed not the mere venting of emotions over our theme. We had something more practical in view, suggested by a current event. It is that of a young lady sent to an Insane Asylum. After her departure from her home, the cry of "mystery" is raised, and censure is pointed at her friends, as those guilty of cruelty. Statements are called forth, from her physicians, to the effect that she was wisely taken to the institution, and, that the only ground they found for censure, was, that she was not sent several years ago. We know nothing of the facts in controversy. Nor are they essential to our point. It only concerns our purpose to enquire *why* was not the patient sent sooner, supposing that to have been necessary?

The answer is probably this: Because her friends were prejudiced against the very *name* of "Insane Asylum." But why prejudiced? Because this class of institutions were long, and not without some serious reasons, thought of as *prisons*, and their management associated with cruelty, rather than kindness—and this reputation clings, more or less, to them still. No wonder, then, that the poor victims of insanity are retained at home, to their injury.

But the management of these institutions—thanks to the wise and benevolent Pinel, who led the way to reform, and to Esquirol Haslam, Connolly, and the superintendents of our asylums, who have profited by their teachings—has been completely revolutionized of late years.

Half a century ago, the lunatic asylum *was* but a prison. Its regulations included not only confinement in gloomy cells, but the most cruel punishments, the thought of which is enough to make ones blood run cold! *Then*, the misapplied cold shower-bath, the straight-jacket, the chain, and the cruel scourge, wielded by crueller keepers, told the sad tale! *Now*, the visitor, instead of the unmistakable evidences of these wicked appliances in the countenances and actions of the insane, observes smiling faces amid groups engaged in social converse, or health-giving exercise, or useful labor! A vast increase in the ratio of the restored has been the consequence of the change—so, that now, parents and others under the advice of physicians of wisdom and disinterestedness, should not hesitate to send their dear ones to the asylums, thanking Heaven for the beneficent reform to which we have directed attention.

DRONES!

The habits and traits of animals, through all the orders which Zoology has made in its classifications, from the mastodon down to the most diminutive insect, are full of instruction to man, and they have furnished not a few of the most striking and expressive analogies of our language—often the simple name of the individual animal expressing our thoughts more clearly than a dozen of less emblematic or figurative words, as when we speak of mammoth size, snail pace, &c. How striking the analogy between a hive of bees and a community of men. In every community we find people who answer to the two classes of bees—the workers and the drones.

There is nothing more creditable to be said of a business man, than that he is "as busy as a bee." But what is more discreditable, in the whole vocabulary of language, than the epithet of "drone." Who, with the least and feeblest spark of manhood left in his bosom, would run the risk of such an epithet applied to him with the slightest ground of applicability? Surely, no one!

Young man! have you the doubtful advantage of wealthy parentage? Have you been wont to persuade yourself that there is no necessity for your having a profession, or trade, or business of any kind? You are lamentably mistaken, if you have. Correct the mistake at once, lest it prove to have been the "mistake of a lifetime," when too late to correct it.

Don't be a "drone." Do *something* for the sake of your own physical health, and mental contentment, to say nothing of higher motives. Do something that shall make yourself, while living, feel conscious that you live for some useful purpose, and justify your neighbors in saying, when dead, that you were a "useful man."

Shame on all the "drones!"

NATURE VS. LAW.

Never did nature utter a more decided or instructive protest against law than in a contest for the custody of a child, waged, in one of our courts, between its parents. The hearing being adjourned, the question of the care of the child in the interim coming up, something was said about leaving the decision of it to the counsel for the father.

"If you do that," exclaimed he, with beautiful frankness, "I shall certainly give it to the care of its mother, though in so doing I should act in derogation of my client's legal rights."

To understand the bearing of this declaration, it should be borne in mind that the common law gives children to the custody of the father, when this question comes up, unless it be shown that he is an unfit guardian, in the legal sense. But what was law, when nature was appealing to the heart of the lawyer himself, through the screams of a little child, and the tears of its bereft mother, as in this instance was the case? Manhood at once rose superior to Law, and Nature was vindicated in her claims!

Verily, there must be something wrong in a law that snatches the babe from its mother's bosom, and gives it to the father, when he chooses to live apart from its mother, or they are apart for other cause. Why not reverse the common law, and make the *mother* the custodian in all cases of separation, unless cause be shown why she should not retain possession of their offspring, as is now required to be shown against the father? Surely, she is its *natural* guardian—why not make her the *legal* one too?

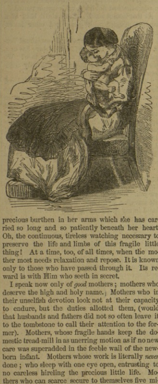
MR. COBB'S STORIES.—A correspondent informs us that a certain daily paper in Pennsylvania is publishing one of Mr. Cobb's stories; and he wishes to know if Mr. Cobb writes for that paper. We reply, emphatically, *no*, he never wrote a line for it. The story in question is an *old* one. Mr. Cobb has not written a line for any paper, either daily or weekly, during the past year but the LEDGER, nor will he write a line for any other paper for several years to come. So great is Mr. Cobb's popularity now, that this Pennsylvania daily paper and one other concern, seeing they cannot get any of his new ones, are glad to pick up some of his *old* tales that he wrote during his boyhood, and which he now considers very inferior to his present productions. All these old tales of Mr. COBB'S have been published in book-form, but those which he writes for the LEDGER can never be had anywhere, or in any form, but in our own columns.

FRESH FERN LEAVES.

Entered according to Act of Congress in the year 1855, by ROBERT BONNER, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Southern District of New York.

HAS A MOTHER A RIGHT TO HER CHILDREN?

Most unquestionably, law or no law. Let us begin at the beginning. Let us take into consideration the physical prostration of mind and body endured by mothers antecedent to the birth of their offspring; their extreme nervousness and restlessness, without the ability for locomotion; the great nameless horror which hangs over those, who for the first time are called upon to endure agonies that no man living would have fortitude to bear more than once, even at their shortest period of duration; and which, to those who have passed through it, is intensified by the vivid recollection (the only verse in the Bible which I call in question being this—"She remembereth no more her pains, for joy that a man-child is born into the world.) Granted that the mother's life is spared through this terrible ordeal, she rises from her sick bed, after weeks of prostration, with the



precious burthen in her arms which she has carried so long and so patiently beneath her heart. Oh, the continuous, tireless watching necessary to preserve the life and limbs of this fragile little thing! At a time, too, of all times, when the mother most needs relaxation and repose. It is known only to those who have passed through it. Its reward is with Him who seeth in secret.

I speak now only of *good* mothers; mothers who deserve the high and holy name; Mothers who in their unselfish devotion look not at their capacity to endure, but the duties allotted them, (would that husbands and fathers did not so often leave it to the tombstone to call their attention to the former). Mothers, whose fragile hands keep the domestic tread-mill in as unerring motion as if no new care was superadded in the feeble wail of the new-born infant. Mothers whose work is literally *never* done; who sleep with one eye open, entrusting to no careless hireling the precious little life. Mothers who can scarce secure to themselves five minutes of the morning hours free from interruption, to ask God's help that a feeble tired woman may hold evenly the scales of domestic justice amid the conflicting elements of human needs and human frailties. Now I ask you—shall any human law, for any conceivable reason, wrest the child of such a mother from her frenzied clasp?

Shall any human law, give into a man's hand, though that man be the child's own father, the sole right to its direction and disposal? Has not she, who suffered, martyr-like, these crucifying pains—these wearisome days and sleepless nights, *earned* this her sweet reward?

Shall any virtuous woman, who is in the full possession of her mental faculties, how poor soever she may be, be *beggared* by robbing her of that which has been, and, thank God! will be, the salvation of many a down-trodden wife?

FANNY FERN.

THE SOUL—AND THE STOMACH.

There is a good old man. His head is white—his form is bent—his step slow and tremulous. Life has no charms for him and the opening grave is full of terrors; he wanders up and down—up and down—wringing his withered hands, and says, "I have committed the unpardonable sin; I am lost—lost—lost." They who love him, and their name is Legion, look on dismayed at this good father, good husband, good neighbor, good Christian; and one of them says to me, "why, if your God be merciful does he afflict his faithful servant thus? God is not good."

God *is* good, though all else fail, and we like insects creep and complain; God is good. It is not religion that makes the old man gloomy—it is not, that the word of God shall not stand forever; but He who has bid us care for the soul, bids us also care for the body. "If one member suffer, all the other members suffer with it." If we neglect the laws of health, and abuse our bodies, *even in his service*, he does not guarantee to the delinquent, a strong mind, an unperverted spiritual vision—clouds and darkness will come between us and the Sun of Righteousness, and though we shall feel after Him, we shall grope like children in the dark. It is an earthly physician, which such as that old man needs; a tonic for the body, not a sermon from the pulpit. Let him lean upon your arm, lead him forth to the green fields, where every little bird sings God is good; where waving trees and blossoming flowers pass the whisper round with myriad voices; take away the old man's psalm-book, and let him listen to that anthem, and as the soft breath of spring lifts his white locks from his troubled brow, the film of disease will fall from his eyes, and he too shall sing that God is *good*.

Never lay upon the back of Religion what Dyspepsia should shoulder; the Christian warrior, no more than any other, can afford to neglect or gorge his "rations" when preparing for battle; nor if either faint by the way, in consequence, is it to be laid to the commander.

FANNY FERN.

FOOTSTEPS.

Wind that criest and moanest so,
Come to my heart and say
If there be any steps in the snow,
Leading down this way!
Stoop from the black and stormy wood,
And say if the steps you see,
For I had a dream that bodes me good,
And what else can it be!

ALICE CARY.

WORTH REMEMBERING.—There is a limit to enjoyment, though the sources of wealth be boundless; and the choicest pleasures of life lie within the ring of moderation.

LEAVE a coquette to the fools that flatter around her; let her own fireside accommodate a scold.

CONGRESS OF NATIONS.

We have already suggested the vast benefits that would result from a Congress of Nations, earnestly assembled to establish a uniformity of currency, weights, and measures, throughout the world. A still grander and nobler movement would be a Congress of Nations to establish universal laws for trade and intercourse between all civilized nations—to unite empires, kingdoms, and republics, upon a mutual basis for protection and progress, and regulate all international affairs by peaceful reference. It is idle in the nineteenth century, with our recognition of Christian principles, and the brotherhood of man, for warriors or statesmen to contend for a code of blood to sustain national interests, defend national rights, or settle national differences.

> "Diplomacy, despite the evil blood in man,
> Still ends the feud the warrior's sword began."

The laws that govern nations are but an enlargement of those regulating individuals and societies, and appeals to violence and blood by hostile nations, are as useless and wrong as those of individuals. The magnitude of injustice or crime may obscure its atrocity; custom may sanctify it—for we have consciences formed somewhat by custom and education—but the acts of governments, in the eyes of equity and right, are in the measure of common sense but the acts of individuals aggregated. As a human, civilized, and especially Christianized being, man submits to society, is governed by higher laws than personal impulse and will, and except in violation of his compact, cannot assert his rights or redress his grievances without reference to society.

Why, then, cannot nations, which are the offspring of societies, be governed by rules of equity, rather than by edicts of blood? Why, under a law of nations, regulated by such a Congress as we suggest, cannot every State receive that protection which the hamlet, village, or city receives from the State? All that is required is a Constitution based upon justice and right—one to which nations can appeal with confidence, when aggrieved—one that shall have no quibbles to delight ambitious statesmen and tyrants, but which can measure the differences of nations as easily as our simplest statutes measure those of neighboring men. Let such a Congress meet and determine on a universal system of commercial and political intercourse, and pledge the nations to abide by that system, and war will be at an end.

War is terrible, even for liberty and right, but it is a horrible thing when waged to uphold wrong, and as has been the case in the history of all past time, wars have been far oftener waged for the wrong than the right—oftener to advance wicked ambition, oppression, and mistaken honor, than for freedom, justice, and truth. The best energies of the world, for thousands of years, have been sacrificed to a false and barbarous system of national intercourse. The law of rude force, which is the law of the brute and the savage, has dictated to Cabinets and Senates; the passions of men have been permitted to overleap judgment and justice, and awful miseries have followed in the wake of almost every government on record. The blood, toil, and treasure of millions have been sacrificed in every generation—the peace of families and the harmony of nations have been destroyed—widows, orphans, and plunderers have been everywhere created, and all without accomplishing more than a step toward the end proposed by war. Conquests by weapons of blood have never been permanent, and according to the principles of right they cannot be. The world has been taxed, drugged, drained—national debts and horrors have been accumulated—whole peoples have been beggared or enslaved, and yet there is no principle established to define the boundaries or rights of nations, or to adjust their differences, except war. War!—upon which misery and ruin build their hopes and their fiery altars. War!—which festers and debauches nations—which mocks at the repose and luxury of peace, at the plenty and comfort of unwasted harvest-fields, and annuls the harmonizing force of religion, literature, science and the arts.

We suggest a Congress of Nations, that the world may be rid of this hideous sacrifice. To save the cost of armies and fleets—to remove national debts and taxes, and to dispel the death-gloom which war shakes from its horrid wings over all the earth. Such a congress, acting in the light and spirit of this age, might break down every wall and barrier—remove every great suffering—unite all the nations, and at once develop a truly humanized world. Who or what could resist such a combination of civilized states, pledged to stand by each other for the right? Fighting nations would at once become anomalies—warriors would exist only through their old trappings, stored as curiosities in the show-cases of museums, and that beautiful and God-like spirit, Concord, would smile over the whole earth.

The regulations of such a Congress need not abridge or cramp the growth of the future. Despotism may fall and freedom expand, without interfering with the true principles governing a family of nations. The future area of liberty or oppression, democracy or aristocracy, will depend on the *people*, and not the governments of the world. The tide of humanity, flowing upwards into the light, will legislate for itself as it rises. Let there be, then, a Congress of Nations. Let us try the diplomacy and reference to which nations are ever forced, even after they have squandered oceans of treasure and blood. Let man prove that his mission is higher than a bully's or blood-hound's, and that he can, everywhere and always, regulate his life by the principles which God has universally written in the undepraved human heart, and which are opposed to brute-force and blood.

TRUTH.—Truth is always consistent with itself, and needs nothing to help it out; it is always near at hand, and sits upon your lips, and is ready to drop out, before you are aware; whereas a lie is troublesome, and sets a man's invention on the rack, and one trick needs a good many more to make it good. Truth can live in all regions, flourish in all soils, and become naturalised in all climes.

CHOICE IN MARRIAGE.—Lord Byron used to say that a man ought to marry by all means, although he owned that the greater part of marriages are unhappy. A man cannot be happy without a wife. Yet it is strange what little real liberty of choice can be exercised on most occasions. Many a man, too, fancies he marries by choice, whereas he marries only by compulsion.

A MAN'S troubles are born and grow with him; by habit he becomes able to endure them. They who go out of the common track to speculate upon happiness, not only have, but deserve, a larger share of misfortune than they who keep on the well-known beaten track, contented with being moderately happy.

IN literature, as in morals, there are a certain taste and grace, which confer dignity on moderate acquirements; and there are a negligence and grossness that disgust, even when accompanied with incontestable superiority.

CURRENT ITEMS.

ABOUT fifty carcasses of veal, some of the calves, it is supposed, when slaughtered, not being more than three or four days old, and the meat, consequently, unhealthy, was seized last week, at the Washington Market by Health-Warden Hicks, from the City Inspector's office. He at the same time arrested and held to bail the person buying them, who belonged to New Jersey. Such is the sort of stuff that we New-Yorkers have to run the risk of eating!

THE men of the Revolution have nearly all passed away, their works emphatically "living after them;" and those who struggled in the second war for independence—the men of 1812—are also leaving, in rapid succession, the busy scenes of life, their work having truly been well done. Last week the Veterans of the war of 1812-14 paraded and paid the last tribute of respect to the memory of a deceased fellow member, Mr. Daniel Hainor, who died in this city.

A WOMAN who had robbed a man while drunk, a few evenings ago, on being arrested by a policeman in the third story of a house in Worth street, threw up the window and leaped to the ground—a distance of fifty feet! When she struck the ground, she uttered one of the most horrible screams that ever issued from mortal lips. Both of her ankles were broken, and her spine was fatally injured.

OVER one hundred sail of clipper schooners are now prosecuting the halibut and cod fishery on Georges and the Western Banks, from the port of Gloucester, Mass. Some of the number have been very lucky so far, this Spring. A schooner arrived some days since, after being absent only nine days, with 70,000 pounds of fine codfish, which sold for about $1 50 per hundred, the crew sharing about $80 per man.

INCREDIBLE.—A few days since, two little schoolboys were missing from Winstead, Conn., and fears were entertained that they had been drowned. They were found, however, the same evening, seven miles from home, having started to go to California, because they had "such hard lessons to get," and were afraid of being flogged if they did not get them. This seems almost incredible, yet it is a fact.

THE prophecy of Dr. Cummings, a Scotchman, that the affairs of this world will be wound up on the 13th of next June, is creating considerable excitement in Paris. The smash will be caused by a tremendous comet coming in contact with the earth. Other "learned Thebans" say that the comet is coming, but they do not believe in the "smash."

THE ticket swindlers are as busy in this city as ever. A young man was last week swindled out of five hundred dollars by one of these villains. He bought a ticket for a California steamer, but on presentation he learned that it was worthless. Strangers should look out to whom they pay money in this city.

A FEW Sabbaths since, a rascal attended church in Grand street, and during the services picked the pocket of a lady of a portmonnaie containing $58. He also attempted to pick the pocket of a man, but was detected, arrested, and marched off to the Tombs.

A BOUNTY LAND WARRANT for one hundred and sixty acres, says the Washington Union of Saturday, was, on Friday, issued to George Peabody, the London banker, for his services as a private soldier in the war with England in the year 1812.

A BULL-DOG gave proof of the tenacity with which his species hold on, a few days since, by seizing a cow by the nose, in Fulton st., Brooklyn, and holding his grip until he was kicked and beaten senseless.

THE newest idea in our Board of Aldermen, is that the city set up a great Insurance Company, and a Special Committee has been appointed to report upon the matter. This would be a new field of plunder!

MR. J. BOLLES has just completed an Artesian well for the city of Baltimore, on the south side of the basin obtaining a large supply of excellent water, at a depth of 94 feet.

ON the 20th of April there is to be a parade of fifteen thousand citizen soldiers in this city.

WIT AND HUMOR.

A "PAT" QUESTION.—In a jolly company, each one was to ask a question. If it was answered, the proposer paid a forfeit; or, if he could not answer it himself, he paid a forfeit. Pat's question was—"How the little ground squirrel digs his hole without showing any dirt about the entrance?" When they all gave up, Pat said—"Sure, do you see, he begins at the other end of the hole." One of the rest exclaimed—"But how does he get there?" "Ah!" said Pat, "that's your question; can you answer it yourself?"

HAVE AWAY.—The Scotch have a habit of telling their servants, after meals, to "have away," instead of to "take away." A sweet young lassie was married to an Irish gentleman, who, on hearing her tell the servant, after breakfast, that she might "have away," quickly remarked, "Arrah, be aisy, love? if you tell her she may have away after that fashion, depind upon it she'll be always having a *way of her own!*"

RECOMMENDATION OF A LADY.—The younger Miss Cushman was congratulated one day by Rogers (the poet) on a report of her approaching marriage. She denied it, adding that she did not think it probable that she should ever marry, as she had not met any one of a manly tone of mind; if she ever married, it would be with one of a strong masculine nature. "Indeed," replied the wit, "then why don't you marry your sister?"

DRUNKENNESS IN SPORT MADE SOBER EARNEST.—"Tell me," says the querist, "which should be preferred, brandy-in-water in their combined state, or brandy and water separate?"—"Verily," replies the philosopher, "brandy-and-water in union represent mingled delight, but the spirit and the pure element in their divided condition constitute unmixed satisfaction."

INAUGURATION PRICES.—*Corpulent Gentleman*—"How is it you charge me thirty dollars for my share of bed on the billiard table, when you have only stuck my friend here for ten?" *Gentlemanly Clerk*—"Well, sir, we've only charged you by the square inch, the same as everybody else—you cover more space than your friend—that's how it is!"

IN a certain benighted part of the country may be seen on the outside of an humble cottage the following inscription in large gilt letters: "A seminary for young ladies." This was, perhaps, too abstruse for the villagers, as immediately underneath there is added, in rude characters: "Notey beney—allso, a galls skool."

THE RAIL CURE FOR IT.—We see it stated in the daily papers that it is proposed to remove the railings which surround the Brick Church property. Would it not be better first to do away with the "railings" of the Herald on that subject? Will the Daily Times answer?

AT a recent trial in Wisconsin, the subject of controversy was a demijohn of whiskey, which was ordered to be brought into court. The defendant was tried, and so was the whiskey—in other words, the whiskey was drunk, and so was the jury.

THERE is a village out west so healthy that people can't die there, but are obliged to go to the next town if they are tired of living; and there were two men who lived there to be "so old" that they did not know who they were and nobody could tell them.

MORNING REFLECTIONS.—Magistrate: What has brought you here sir? Prisoner: Two policemen, please your honor. Magistrate: Then I suppose liquor had nothing to do with it? Prisoner: Yes, sir; they were both drunk.

"MA," said a little girl, who had just commenced her lessons in geography, "whereabouts shall I find the state of "Matrimony?" "Oh!" replied the mother, "you will find that to be one of the United States."

THE SAME THING WITH A DIFFERENCE.—"Don't you understand me, Jim?" thundered the old man. "Why, you must be quite a fool." "True, I am very *near* one," meekly replied Jim.

THEY say that trumpet-players are doomed to short lives. We doubt it; we have known men who blew their own trumpets incessantly, and achieved a good troublesome old age.

IF you wish to hear all the evil in people's character, wait till they get married. If you are desirous to learn all their good qualities, wait till they be dead.

MR. S——, is your customer B—— a man to be trusted?" "I know of no one more so. He is to be trusted for ever; he never pays."

WHY is a sword that is too brittle like an ill-natured and passionate man?—Because it is *snappish* and *ill-tempered*.

As the diamond is found in the darkness of the mine, as the lightning shoots with most vivid flashes from the gloomiest cloud, so does mirthfulness frequently proceed from a heart susceptible of the deepest melancholy.

SPRING.

BY G. D. STUART.

What are the footprints of the Spring?
When frogs 'gin croak, and robins sing;
When 'neath the wood-leaves, creeping low,
The coy arbetus' footsteps go—
First flower of spring—nor lovelier e'er,
Smiled from complacent pride's parterre;
When violet, scarce freed from snows,
Abroad her blue-eyed glances throws;
When dandelion, from its nest,
Bares to the sun its yellow breast;
When cowslip—where the meadows trace
Their way by ample streams in chase—
Sways its large blossoms to the breeze;
When wake to wing the drowsy bees;
When nights bring dews to kiss the dawn;
And coronal the mead and lawn;
When, overhead and all around,
Goes up a soothing, dreamy sound—
As if all joyous, delicate things,
In vibrant chorus beat their wings.

1857.

KARMEL THE SCOUT;

OR,

THE REBEL OF THE JERSEYS.

A STORY OF THE AMERICAN REVOLUTIO

BY SYLVANUS COBB, JR.,

AUTHOR OF "THE GUNMAKER OF MOSCOW," "THE STORM SECRET," "ORION, THE GOLD-BEATER," ETC., ETC.

Entered according to Act of Congress in the year 1857 by Robert Bonner, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Southern District of New York.

CHAPTER XXXI.

ON THE RACK.

When Rosalie Lincoln knew that Robert had been taken from her—that his deadly enemies had seized him—and that Karmel had been taken with him, she was so completely overcome by anguish and terror that for a long time she was utterly powerless. She sank upon a seat, and would have fallen to the floor had not Andrew held her up. He and Kate tried to comfort her; but it was of no avail. She could not weep—she could not even moan. Her heart had sunk, like a thing of death, in her bosom, and her tongue had lost its power. Her eyes glared wildly about at first, and then sank dimly down. They brought water and chafed her temples, and bathed her aching brow.

At length she gazed up. There was a faint, painful smile upon her pale features, as though she would thus express her gratitude for their kindness.

"Alas!" she murmured, "you need not bathe my brow. You cannot reach the place of my agony!"

As she spoke she pressed both hands upon her heart, and held them there a long while.

"Do not give up all hope yet," urged Andrew. "They may make their escape."

"Escape?" repeated the poor girl, in a startling tone. "Oh! do not mock me. Have not their deadly enemies got them? Were there not many soldiers?"

"Yes—many—a large company. Had there been but a few they should not have taken him."

"I believe you, Andrew. I know your noble heart, and your generous soul; and I know your courage, too. But what can save Robert now? Do you not know the order that has been given concerning both him and Karmel?"

"You mean——"

"Why do you hesitate?"

"Alas! Rose, I did not think of that order! Oh! would to God there were a company of Patriots here!"

"It's too late!" the maiden groaned. "There are none in the place. They are all away. Oh! Robert! Robert! would that I were with thee, so that I could but rest my head upon thy bosom once again, and then breathe my life away with thine!"

"You would not die, Rose!"

"Die? If *he* dies why should I live? Could I but go away to some place of retirement and there cherish the memory of the lost ones, I might at least be patiently waiting the coming of the dark angel; but see what a lot must be mine! Oh! Robert! Robert!"

At this point Rosalie removed her hands from her heart and placed them over her eyes; and as she did so she burst into tears. They were the first she had shed since the terrible agony had come upon her.

"Come, Rose," urged Kate, winding her arms about the neck of the weeping girl. "Come—let's go up to our room."

Rosalie looked up through her tears, and was upon the point of speaking, when a loud rap was heard upon the outer door.

"It's my father!" she cried, starting to her feet.

"Your father?" repeated Andrew with a sudden emotion. "Your father—at this time?—Ah!—he knows of this, then!"

"And he has had it all done!" she added, in an agonized whisper.

Another rap, louder than the first, came upon the door, and Andrew turned towards it. But before he left the room he turned to the maiden and spoke:

"What shall I tell him, if it is your father?"

"Tell him—tell him—that I cannot go to-night."

Andrew reached the door just as the third knock came. He opened it, and saw a man who carried a lantern in his hand; and as soon as his eyes became set to the gloom of the night he recognized Sir Arthur.

"Do you sleep with plugs in your ears?" the baronet asked, savagely.

"I don't go prowling about neighbors' houses after midnight!" replied Andrew, quickly and pointedly.

"But you house runaways, sir!" continued Lincoln.

"When they run away from villains and tyrants!" added the youth, very independently.

Sir Arthur struggled for some moments to find an appropriate phrase ugly enough to express his feelings; but before he found it he seemed to realize that he was making a fool of himself, so he curbed his passion and opened upon the business of his visit.

"My daughter is here?" he said, interrogatively.

There was a dim idea of deception flashed through the gun-smith's mind; but he gave it up ere it was fully formed, for it could avail Rosalie nothing; so he replied,—

"She is, sir."

"I will go in and see her."

There was another momentary struggle in the young man's bosom. Should he allow the applicant to enter, or should he try to protect the fugitive? But what could he do? Sir Arthur had law upon his side, and that was all powerful. It was a hard alternative, but he could do nothing else; so he moved back and allowed the baronet to enter. He led the way to the little sitting-room where the two girls sat, and the visitor followed him.

Rosalie knew too well who had come. She felt it in the sinking of her heart, and in the new pain that came to her head. She tried to prepare for the meeting; but she could call up no power of endurance. She heard that well-known, stately tread; and under the impulse of unconquerable fright she closed her eyes and pressed her palms hard upon them.

The baronet advanced and placed his hand upon her arm.

"Rosalie," he said, in a tone which at once betrayed the effort he made to hide his anger, "you will go to your home. Do you understand?"

"*Home?*" she murmured, without looking up.

"Yes—with your father?"

"I have no home, sir. Oh! I have no home!"

"You haven't eh? If you'll have the kindness to come with me, I'll show you one. I trust you are not going to urge me to use force."

As he thus spoke he gave the poor girl a gripe upon the arm that hurt her, and at the same time raised her to her feet. He did not mean that anybody should see the act; and perhaps he did not mean to do it at all. But Rosalie uttered a cry of pain, and with a quick movement started from her father's hand. He was upon the point of springing after her, when Andrew interfered.

"You will not harm the maiden beneath this roof, sir!" he said, quickly, and in a tone which showed that his soul was in arms.

"Who are you?" the baronet retorted, turning upon the youth angrily.

"I am master here, sir!" was the stern response.

"Then mind your own business, upstart!"

"Arthur Lincoln," spoke the young host, with a flashing eye and burning cheek, "you had better govern that tongue of yours. Remember, you are in my house; and if you dare to open your lips in impudence to me again I'll lay you upon this floor as I would a man who had come to rob me! I am mad now, sir; so you will be wise to take heed!"

The baronet started back a step and measured the youth with his eye; and he evidently made up his mind that in a physical encounter he would be



ANDREW VAN RUTER PROTECTING ROSALIE LINCOLN.

no match for the athletic gunsmith; so he swallowed his rage as well as he could, and then turned to Rosalie. She had already made up her mind to go with him, for she feared that danger would fall upon her friends, if she remained longer.

"Are you going?" the parent asked, in a hoarse whisper.

"Yes, sir. I am ready."

As Rosalie said so she turned towards Kate and sank upon her neck.

"Farewell!" she murmured. "God will bless you for your kindness. Pray for me. If we never——"

She could speak no further. Her feelings overpowered her, and turning quickly away she moved towards the door. She did not stop for her father, nor did she look towards him; but passing through the hall she gained the yard—on to the street—and towards her former home—walking like one in a dream, without end or aim.

Sir Arthur feared at first that she might think of escape; but when he observed her manner his fears were gone, and he followed on quietly behind her.

When Rosalie reached the house she ascended the front steps and found the door unlocked. She entered and went at once to the room she had been wont to occupy. She heard her father enter, and she wondered if he would come to her. She listened: She heard him open the parlor door, and in a moment more close it. She thought he had gone in. But no: She heard him ascend the stairs. He came to her room and looked in.

"You're safe for the night, at all events."

Thus spoke the baronet, and then he turned away; and Rosalie saw him no more that night. It was now near two o'clock, and she threw herself upon the bed. It was a long time ere she could sleep; but finally exhausted nature gave way, and she sank into a dreamy slumber, from which she was ever and anon started by the terrible phantoms that haunted her dreams.

In the morning—towards seven o'clock—the door of Rosalie's chamber was opened, and Mrs. Nancy Reed entered. The poor girl started up from the edge of the bed, where she was sitting, upon beholding this woman, for she knew the character of the widow well.

"Would you like some breakfast?" the woman asked.

"Where is Patience?" returned Rosalie.

"She's gone away, Miss. She ain't here now. I'm in her place."

"You?—You in Aunt Patience's place?" cried Rosalie, with a new agony.

"Of course I be," said the woman, with dignity. "How d'ye suppose yer father could keep a housekeeper who gave him no peace?"

"Did he tell you that Aunt Patience gave him no peace?"

"He told me all about her. She was a very strange woman."

"And you are in her place?"

"I am. But do you want some breakfast?"

"You may bring me something—some coffee—some toast—anything you have handy."

"You shall have it."

The new housekeeper left, and Rosalie sank back upon the bed. She saw that her father had resolved that she should have no sympathizers; and she also knew that he meant to carry out his plans to the very letter. She thought of Robert, and uttered an earnest prayer in his behalf.

"Perhaps he is dead!" she murmured to herself.

The thought came painfully and with terrible agony. She thought how he last looked upon her—she called to mind the look of love that beamed upon his face—she looked back upon his noble features—and then she fancied she saw him dead. She pictured his form swinging from the gallows-tree,—and as the scene dwelt in her imagination a deep groan burst from her lips, and she sank forward and covered her face with her hands.

And why should she not think it was so? She knew that her lover was in the hands of his enemies; and also that an order had been given, by one who must be obeyed, that he should be hung as soon as taken. It was to her evident enough that ere this the noble youth had fallen!

After a while Mrs. Reed returned with the maiden's breakfast. As she placed the tray upon the table she hesitated as though she had something to say. She gazed first upon Rosalie, and then she looked upon the floor, and rubbed her hands. The girl looked directly upon her face, else she might not have let her eyes drop as they did. But finally she spoke:

"Miss Rose, Elroy Pemberton is a very fine man, isn't he?"

Rosalie continued gazing into the woman's face, but she made no reply.

"I think he's one of the nicest, and finest, and most beautifullest young men I ever saw."

Still Rosalie made no answer.

"I s'pose there's men as good as he is; but then when ye know a man—when ye've known him from a boy up—why, then he seem's kind o' nearer like, ye know."

Another pause, with no reply—and then the woman resumed, with a forced smile upon her face,—

"I don't doubt that Elroy may have relatives as is very good men. I know some of his cousins. I have known 'em a long while. I may say that *some* of 'em nobody knows *better* than I do. But I must say that there ain't one of 'em—no, not *one* of 'em that can begin to compare with him. I love Elroy—he's sich a nice man."

Rosalie gazed into the speaker's face with an expression of bitter contempt upon her pallid features, and this time she replied:

"Did my father bid you speak to me thus?" she said, in a tone of withering rebuke.

"O—bless yer soul—no. *He* don't know what I think of Elroy."

"Then I do not care to know. If you have any duty to perform in this room, you are at liberty to do it; but you will keep your unasked opinions to yourself. You served Colonel Lyndarm well. Perhaps you are now ready to serve my father with the same degree of faithfulness."

"O!—you're up, aren't ye?" uttered Mrs. Reed, in a tone of ironical indignation. "Yer tongue 's found its power agin, haint it? D'yer s'pose *I* care for yer impudence?"

Rosalie's eyes flashed, and the color came to her cheeks. She would bear much from a man whom she could not oppose; but not from a miserable hireling who had let her body and soul to a work of tyranny for money. She arose from her seat upon the side of the bed and went to the door and threw it open. Then she moved back a few paces, and gazing sternly into the foul woman's face she pointed to the way she had opened.

"Why—a—what d'ye mean?" stammered the new housekeeper, gazing first upon the door, and then upon the calm, stern, and dignified girl.

"Go!" pronounced Rosalie, deeply and imperiously.

"Go?" repeated the woman, as though she did not comprehend.

"Yes—go!"

"But s'pose I wouldn't?"

"Then I shall go! Where you hold your foul presence I cannot stay!"

As Rosalie thus spoke she moved towards the door. Mrs. Reed hesitated a moment, and then she started. She knew that she was transcending the bounds of her duty in forcing her presence upon the maiden, and she feared she might lose her new place if complaint were made.

"O—you needn't work yerself up into a passion," she said, very sarcastically, as she supposed. "I don't want to stay where I ain't wanted. Nobody needn't ever be afraid of my company if they think they can find any better!"

As Mrs. Reed passed out Rosalie returned to her seat; and when she was left alone she lost the firmness that had supported her, and wept. But she soon recovered herself, and then went to the table where her breakfast was. She eat some, and drank the coffee, and after this sank into a chair by the bed.

The simple eating of that scant breakfast was an important event to her. It was as the last step to her prison. Before breakfast her father would not come; but after—— Alas! the next event must be his coming; and with a bowed head and painfully beating heart she awaited it!

CHAPTER XXXII.

A DELAY.

As soon as Sir Arthur Lincoln had eaten his breakfast, he put on his hat and walked over to the office of the justice whom he had engaged to perform the marriage ceremony. But he found the office closed. He went to the house, and was there informed that the 'Squire had gone to Morristown, and would not be back before the next morning. This was bad. He returned to his dwelling, and found Elroy Pemberton just arrived.

"How long before we will go at work?" asked the young man, after the usual remarks incident upon such a meeting.

"A curse upon the luck!" cried the baronet, folding his hands together, and starting across the room.

"Why—what has happened?" asked Elroy, eagerly.

"That infernal lawyer has gone to Morristown, and wont be back till morning."

"Isn't there any body else who can do as well?"

"You must remember, sir, that there is something peculiar about this," said the host, rather abruptly, considering to whom he was speaking.

"I know. But then you have the law on your side."

"I don't know about that. I doubt if any minister in the town could be trusted to attempt the work."

"Ah?"

"Yes, sir."

"But why?"

"Why—if Rosalie refused to answer they would not go on."

"But would she dare to refuse?"

"Would she dare?" repeated Sir Arthur, stopping and gazing half sarcastically into Elroy's face. "I should think you knew her well enough by this time. *Dare?* She'd dare anything. You may be sure that no power of earth can make her open her lips if she has made up her mind that she wont! She's like her mother—Like her mother! Ho! What an accursed fool I was!"

"A what?" uttered Elroy, in amazement.

"I was speaking to myself, sir."

Elroy said "O—ah," and then took a seat; and ere long the other did the same. A silence of some moments ensued, and finally Sir Arthur said—

"Well—I don't know as it will make much difference, after all. He'll be back to-morrow morning, and then we'll have this done right up. By the mass, I was never so thwarted before! It does seem as though the fates were against us."

"Yet all is safe now," suggested the young man.

"Yes, sir," answered the host, emphatically. "There can be no more thwarting. The girl is safe; and as for those two Rebel villains, they're on their way to the gallows by this time!"

"Yes, sir," returned Elroy, about as emphatically as his companion had used the same words.

"Then we have nothing more to fear," resumed Lincoln. "Let it be until to-morrow, and then we'll have the thing done as soon as the 'Squire comes home. I'll have him here the first thing."

"But Rosalie—you have her——"

"Don't give yourself any uneasiness on that score. I have a woman here upon whom I can depend, and she has nothing else to do beside taking care of the girl. So she's safe enough."

In the meantime Rosalie sat in her room awaiting the coming of her father.

He came at length, and it was near noon. There was a look of triumph mingled with the sternness upon his face now; and he seemed to regard the girl more in the light of a subdued one than as one whom he was yet to conquer.

"Well, Miss Rebellion," he said, taking a seat near her, "how do you feel to-day?"

Rosalie looked up into his face, and after a moment's hesitation she replied—

"I feel very badly, sir."

"Ah? I am sorry for that. I had hoped that the atmosphere of home would revive you."

The poor girl started in astonishment at this remark. The words did not mean much, but then they had a deep significance to her. They were of themselves trifling and ironical; and then they were spoken so sarcastically that she had to believe that he almost felt pleasure in her suffering. Or, at least, he had no more feeling for her than he might have for a strange dog!

"To-morrow morning," he continued, seeing that she did not speak, "the grand event will come off. All preparation is made, and there will be no delay beyond that time. I come up now merely to inform you that you may make such arrangements about your dress as you see fit. In the morning there may be no time—you may be married by daylight; and perhaps not until the middle of the forenoon. But be married to-morrow forenoon you will, if I have to do it myself."

"*You?*" said Rosalie, gazing fearfully up.

"Yes. I have the power to do it. But I shall not, if I can avoid it. However, that matters not. I simply wish you to know that you are liable to be called on at any moment after day-break to-morrow; and you are at liberty to make such preparation for the event as you please."

Rosalie said nothing in reply, and without further remark the baronet arose and left the room.

During the day, Sir Arthur went over to the residence of the justice again, and this time he saw the hostess herself. She told him her husband would return that evening—that the servant had only been informed that he would not be in his office until morning, and hence the reply Mr. Lincoln had received on his previous visit. He bade the woman say to her husband, on his return, that his attendance would be required the first thing in the morning. Having received a promise that this message should be delivered, the baronet took his leave.

The day passed away; and when the evening came, Rosalie sat at her window, and gazed out upon the scene. One by one the stars set themselves in the dark azure vault; and when they were all twinkling there, the maiden heaved a deep sigh, and a tear rolled down her cheek and fell upon her folded hands.

"My mother is there!" she murmured to herself, as she gazed off to the heavenly lights. "Oh, how happy I should be if I thought I were going now to join her in that world of light! Would that my spirit were even now wending its way up those diamond steps to the throne of my Best Father! And I might meet Robert there, too!"

This last thought seemed to have come suddenly upon her, for she ceased speaking, and a fearful shudder shook her frame. She could not, as she looked out upon the evening scene, and felt the soft, balmy air fan her fevered brow, help wandering back in memory to the old scenes long passed away. She remembered how she walked out on such evenings with him whom she now supposed dead; how they had talked of the joys the future held in store for them; and how much they had enjoyed the fanciful painting of bright scenes in time to come.

These thoughts crowded thickly upon her, and the hours passed away without note of time. Those moments were not, perhaps,

"Diamond sparks, that glittered as they passed,"

but they were moments devoted to viewing the worn and broken jewels of the heart, that had "glittered" in times gone by.

The sound of a clock-bell broke the stillness, and she listened. One—two—three—four—and so on to twelve! Was it possible?—midnight? It was only a few moments ago that she sat down there by the window!

Twelve o'clock! Midnight! *Morning!*—morning of the new day! Morning of the day that was to see her the crushed and broken thing her father would make her!

"Roll on—on—on!" she murmured, clasping her hands over her heart, and pressing them there. That had become a habit with her of late—that pressing of the hands upon her heart; for she felt pain there—deep, fearful pain: "Roll on, ye bright stars—roll on as swiftly as ye can. If within thy mystic lights thou holdst the destinies of our race, then roll out my poor pilgrimage here, and take my soul into thy keeping. Oh! it must be light where ye are—it must be all joyous up there! Mother! mother!—oh! canst thou hear me now? Canst thou hear my prayer? Whisper to me, if thou hast the power! Come! come! come!——"

As the poor girl spoke these last words, she raised her clasped hands high above her head, and the hot tears rolled down her pale cheeks in a flood. A few moments she remained so, and again she murmured—

"Come—come—come! Mother—come!"

Slowly she arose, and moved towards her bed. She had no light—she wanted none. In the deep gloom she prepared for her couch, and ere long her wet cheek was upon her pillow. She prayed that she might not have another night of such horrible visions as had visited her in the nights that were passed. Finally, with her mother's name half pronounced upon her lips, she sank to sleep.

She lay thus, buried in profound slumber, for a long while. Tired nature was finding repose. At length she dreamed. Others said she dreamed; and she did not, in the times which followed, deny it; but she did love to think that there was more than a dream in the vision of that hour.

She was wandering by a gently murmuring brook, in a sweet wood. Robert was by her side; her arm clasped confidingly in his, and her gaze fixed upon his handsome features. They talked of love, and laid plans for the future, as they had done many times before. It was a strange wood to her, and she asked her lover where it was. He told her it was called the Wood of Fate; and that the torrent which she saw dashing and roaring through it was the River of Death. She shuddered at the tone of his voice, and yet she could not help smiling, for she saw only a babbling brook.

"A river?—a torrent?" she said: "What mean you?"

"See!" answered Robert, in a startling tone: "Are thine eyes opened now?"

Immediately a deafening roar burst upon her ears, and upon turning she found that the brook had surely changed to a torrent. The water went dashing down with furious force, and rocks and trees were taken with it. Rosalie became alarmed, and clung more closely to her companion's side.

Suddenly the heavens were overcast, and the wood grew dark as night. She heard a crash above her, and upon looking up, she saw the top of a huge precipice giving way, and a wild torrent about to burst upon them. She sprang upon one side—and she was safe! But not so with Robert. The flood caught him—it took him up—he uttered one quick cry of alarm—and then he was borne away!

Rosalie wrung her hands in agony. She cried aloud for help—she rushed on after her lover—on, on, on,—never noticing that she trod the water as though it had been the firm earth. Away into the darkness was her companion carried—and away she rushed. She now noticed that she was walking upon the surface of the water; yet she seemed not alarmed, though she did not feel that her footing was sure. Finally she came to a huge wall, and here the torrent ended, forming an inky sea, upon the bosom of which stood a great prison. Men were standing about, and she asked them for her lover. They pointed to the window. She looked. From the window projected a beam, and from the outer end of that hung Robert by the neck! He was just in the death-struggle. She saw that they were British soldiers who stood about, and she had no more courage to ask for help.

As she would have rushed towards a gate which she saw open, she felt an invisible power seize her by the hair, and lift her up. Up—up—up she was borne! She closed her eyes in terror, and as she did so, she felt herself set down. She gazed about her, and she was back in the same sweet wood, and close by ran the murmuring brook. But her lover was not with her.

Presently a mist gathered before her—around about her, and a light gleamed out from it, and a voice said—

"Fear not—I am with thee!"

It was her mother's voice. She gazed up, and there—directly before her—stood her mother.

The same old smile was upon her face; the same look of love beamed from her soft eyes; and over all was spread a joyous, hopeful expression which at once quelled the tumult of the daughter's soul.

"Rosalie, my beloved child," spoke the bright presence, at the same time extending her arms, "I say unto thee, fear not! A spirit of power is over thee, and a spirit of faithful love is about thee. The wicked shall not have power forever!"

"Mother! Mother! Shall I come and be with thee?"

"Not yet, my child—not yet. But thou art blessed. Angels watch over thee, and a good spirit guides thee."

Rosalie would have spoken again, but the presence melted away into the now misty light; and soon it was all dark. The maiden started when she found the light gone, and as she did so she awoke. She started up in her bed and gazed around. The first streaks of coming day were already relieving the gloom, and the stars were disappearing from the heavens.

It was some moments before the maiden could fairly understand her situation. The strange dream she had just experienced was so vividly fixed upon her mind that she could not at once divest herself of the idea of its reality. She looked around to see if that bright presence were really gone.

But the truth gradually worked its way to her mind, though she felt that her prayer had been answered. That her mother had appeared to her she tried to believe. It was a happifying thought, and she could not give it up.

The light was breaking gradually in upon the darkness of the passing night, and as the maiden felt that she could sleep no more, she arose; and having thrown on her garments, she sat down by the window. One bright star was yet visible, and she watched until it became swallowed up in the glory of the greater light that was coming to rule the day. She still felt the agony of the fate that was fixed for her; but yet the memory of her vision did much towards rendering her calm and collected. She had made up her mind that they should not see her weep; and also that they should not have from her one word of consent to their plan.

As the morning advanced she fixed her toilette as usual, and then sat down to await the coming of her breakfast. She would not dress for a wedding, though she knew she had garments particularly appropriate therefor. If she assumed such a garb she would thereby tacitly acknowledge that she recognized the ceremony which they might perform; so she had merely clothed herself as usual, and thus she awaited the coming of events.

Ere long Mrs. Reed came with the breakfast. She set the tray upon the table, and then turned to the maiden.

"Miss Rose," she said, with a very palpable spice of triumph in her tone. "Ye'll be wanted in a short time in the parlor."

"Were you bade to tell me so?" the girl asked.

"I was, Miss. Yer father—yer good, kind, noble, reverant, handsome, most-sufferin' an' patientist father *ever* was—told me to tell ye so."

"I understand you."

Mrs. Reed waited for some moments to see if Rosalie would not say something more; for she evidently had a whole broadside of remark ready to let off if she could only have something to aim at.

The fact was, the woman had a bit of vengeance in store. She had not wholly forgiven the maiden for the independence and imperiousness of the day before. So she meant to draw her intended victim out. Hence her last remark. But it fell short of its object. Rosalie gazed into her face a few moments, and the only feeling she could entertain was one of pure disgust. So she very quietly said,—

"Perhaps you are not aware that your presence is very disagreeable to me."

"Eh?—My presence?" uttered the woman in astonishment.

"I hope you understand me. Rather than starve, I would be willing to bear the infliction of your presence long enough to admit of your bringing my food, and then removing the empty dishes. If you have such an element in your moral composition as compassion, I beg of you to show it by leaving me!"

As the maiden thus spoke, she moved to the window, and gazed out into the garden.

"Well!" gasped the confounded woman, gazing after the girl with a look of mingled rage and disappointment. "I declare! Some folks is mighty nice, I guess! Wonder if they'll feel so when they get a husband! Ahem!"

She looked hard at the maiden, but she had not the power to move her; and when she became assured that Rosalie would not reply any more, she gave her head a majestic toss and swept from the room. When she was gone our heroine turned towards the table, and finally seated herself beside it.

But she could not eat. Food was repulsive to her, feeling as she felt then.

"You'll be wanted in a short time in the parlor!"

The words still rang in her ears, and tortured her heart. They meant a lifetime of suffering and woe to her!

CHAPTER XXXIII.

THE GATHERING STORM.

There were three persons at the breakfast-table of Sir Arthur Lincoln. The host sat in his usual place, with Elroy upon his left and the lawyer upon his right. The latter had received an invitation to breakfast with the baronet, and he was not the man to miss such an opportunity. "Ah—ahem—I took breakfast with my friend, Sir Arthur, this morning,"—or yesterday morning,—or, any other morning that passing time might have left it. This lawyer was both a miser and a glutton, and as unscrupulous inside of written law as man could well be. The baronet knew his workman.

"Shall I help you to some more of this toast, sir?" said the host, out of mere politeness; for he supposed the 'Squire had done eating.

"Yes—you may. That toast is good. And you may give me another piece of that meat while you are about it."

Sir Arthur helped the gormand to a plate full.

But the man's stomach had but a certain capacity, and finally he had to stop eating. He disliked much to do it, as his wistful look towards the toast and meat plainly told; but he couldn't hold any more, so he leaned back in his chair and wiped his lips and cheeks.

"Now, sir, I'm ready for business," he said, looking upon the baronet with a patronizing smile.

"Thank you," returned the host; and after a short pause he added,—"I suppose you know what you've got to do?"

"Certainly, sir. I know it very well."

"And you remember that my word is law—that what I say for my own household must be done?"

"Most assuredly, sir."

"And you know that I can bestow my daughter's hand in marriage, even though she objects?"

"Of course you can, sir."

"But you'll remember this point, 'Squire. The girl may refuse to answer."

"O—that won't make any difference. When I ask the questions, if you see she aint a-goin' to answer, you must answer for her."

"I'll do so. And now let's prepare. How is it, Elroy—do you feel prepared for the ordeal?"

"Me?—Rather think I do, sir. I love your daughter, Sir Arthur—I love her truly. But yet, I tell you plainly, that I'd marry her now, if it were only for revenge. By the mass, she's hurled her insults at my head enough, I think."

"I don't blame you, my boy. I think when there are twenty-thousand dollars to go with her hand, I have some right to say where it shall go."

This last remark was directed, apparently, to the attorney, and he said,—

"Why—of course you have. You would be a funny man if you didn't."

"I believe all is ready," resumed the baronet. "Come, we'll adjourn to the parlor now. You and Elroy can go in there, and I'll rejoin you before long, with the lady."

The lawyer and the youth went into the parlor, while the host ascended to the apartment of his child.

Rosalie still sat by her window, and was gazing vacantly upon a scene without. Her face was very pale, and her hands were both in that old place over the heart. She heard the heavy footfall upon the stairs—she turned and listened—and she knew it was her father's.

Presently the door was opened, and Sir Arthur entered. He walked up to where the girl sat, and having gazed into her upturned face a few moments, he said,—

"My child, all is ready, and I suppose you are prepared."

"Ready?" repeated the poor girl, trembling in spite of her efforts to appear calm.

"Aye—all is ready. Are you prepared?"

"Prepared?" she uttered, in the same vacant tone.

"You know what I mean. Are you ready?"

"I have prepared for nothing, sir. You have the power. I am your victim. I am defenceless—helpless. Do as you will; but *ask* me nothing."

For a moment the baronet seemed inclined to be angry; but when he looked again upon the woe-marked features before him he turned his head half away, and said,—

"Then come with me. Shall I lead you?"

"I can follow, sir."

"Very well. Then be it so. Come."

Thus speaking the man moved towards the door, and Rosalie arose to follow. Once she stopped and pressed her hands upon her brow, and then moved on. They reached the hall—Sir Arthur had his hand upon the latch of the parlor door; but he heard no steps behind him. He turned, and saw Rosalie leaning up against the wall at the foot of the stairs.

Was she dead? She looked so ghastly pale he thought she must be! He hastened to her side and took her hand.

"Rosalie!"

She looked up, and a fearful tremor shook her frame. Then, with a startled expression, she gazed quickly about her.

"Did you see her?" she asked, in a hushed whisper.

"See whom?"

"*My mother!*"

"Your mother? Are you out of your head?"

Once more the maiden pressed her hands upon her brow and closed her eyes.

"I saw her," she whispered; "and she spoke to me. She said——"

"What? What did she say?" asked the baronet, whose mind, naturally superstitious, had become fastened by the girl's strange, earnest manner. "What do you mean? How did you see her?"

"I saw her just as I saw her last night, or this morning. As I reached this place where I now stand, she appeared before me. I saw her as plainly as I now see you!"

Here the girl stopped and covered her face again. Her frame shook, and her heart beat wildly for a moment. She knew she had been dwelling constantly upon her dream, and the result must have been the coming of this phantasy to her disordered imagination.

"But you said she spoke," whispered the baronet.

"It must have been only a creation of my own agony," the maiden replied.

"But what was't you thought she said?"

"She said,—'Fear not, for an angel of power is nigh unto thee!'"

"And did that frighten you? I have had a dream, too. I saw your—— But never mind——"

"That was not all she said, sir," interposed Rosalie, with a shudder. "She said 'twas the Angel of Death was nigh unto me!"

"Ha! Just so she spoke to me!" exclaimed the baronet, with a quick start. "But," he added, collecting his thoughts as quickly as possible, "it is but a phantasy of the mind. It means nothing but a dream.—Come."

"Will you not spare me?"

"Spare thee? I thought you had tried that enough. Spare thee? You are blind! Come, there is no time to waste."

When Rosalie had seen him so moved she had thought him touched with some little spark of sympathy. But she knew him not. He had had a dream; and when she mentioned the appearance of her mother it struck him as being so near like his own phantasy that he could not resist the temptation to ask an explanation. The result may have startled him for a moment; but it was not lasting, nor did any fear remain; for if the presence of the death-angel meant anything it must have meant that the daughter would soon join her mother. And he was not the only one that thought so. Rosalie held the same opinion.

Again the baronet placed his hand upon the latch of the door, and this time he opened it. As he did so he turned towards his child and offered her his arm. She dare not refuse it; so she took it, and was conducted into the apartment. She saw Elroy Pemberton, and the first emotion of her soul was one of loathing; but a sense of the position he occupied towards her came whelming upon her mind, and she bowed her head in pain.

"Here, Elroy," spoke the baronet; "she is ready for you.—Come."

It was as the last step to the stake—like the kindling of the faggots about the doomed one. She looked up into the face of the lawyer—she knew him—she knew that her prayers could never move him—that for her father's gold he would do anything that could not run his own neck into the noose.

"We'll fix *her* affairs in double quick time!"

It was the lawyer who said this; and as he spoke there was a cold, heartless smile upon his homely face that gave peculiar point to his words.

Before Rosalie heard that speech she was ready to submit; but her mind changed as if by magic. Should she, while she had life and reason, allow these men to crush her forever? Those words betrayed to her the spirit of the whole transaction. Elroy would have her for the paltry gold she would bring him. Her father would be rid of her for ever; and the attorney stood ready, for hire, to do the work! The cord was touched, and the spirit was aroused. She could die; but she would not be that man's wife!

"We'll fix *her* affairs in double quick time!"

The words went thrilling through her soul, and a new being was awakened into life.

They were making light of her agony!

She knew it; for she saw a dark smile upon Elroy's face, in answer to the demoniac smile of the lawyer!

They were regarding her as a mere slave, whose peace—whose soul—was nothing!

The thoughts darted through her mind like lightning, and she started back.

"Come not here!" she cried, turning upon Elroy with a flashing eye. "Come not here, for I will not be your wife!"

"Aha! What's to pay now?" exclaimed Lincoln.

"I will not be his wife!" she uttered, moving back to the door. "I know your plans—I know your hearts. I will not be his wife!"

"You will not, eh?"

"Never! Never!"

"We'll see!" hissed Sir Arthur, stepping quickly to her side, and seizing her by the arm. "We'll see whose wife you'll be!"

"Let me go! Kill me! Do anything you will—but not his wife! Never! never!"

As she spoke she broke from the strong hand that held her and sprang to the door. She had no fixed purpose—she only fled from her destruction! The way was thrown open, and she rushed into the hall, where the baronet caught her again with more force than before.

"Girl—are you mad?" he gasped, almost wholly overcome by anger and astoundment. "Do you imagine I will put up with this longer? By my soul's salvation, if ye break from me again, I'll strike thee down, and make thee wed with thy limbs lashed!"

"Never! never! never!" the frantic girl screamed.

"Hush! See!—Hark! You've already drawn the passers-by to the house! There are footsteps in the yard now! Where is Elroy?—Here—bolt this outer door!"

"No! no! no!—Never!" cried Rosalie.

"Idiot!" fairly shrieked the baronet, with rage and vexation; and as he did so he tried to clasp one of his hands over the girl's mouth.

Meantime Elroy hastened out into the hall, and to the door; but he was too late. He had just placed his hand upon the upper bolt when the door was thrown suddenly back, knocking him at full length upon the floor.

"In Heaven's name, what means this? Rosalie, what would they do? What have they done?"

The maiden heard that voice—she gazed up at the speaker—and in a moment more, with all the power she had left, she broke from the grasp that held her, and threw herself upon the bosom of her lover.

"Robert! Robert!" she gasped, "they have not killed you! Oh! they have not!"

"No, blessed one. But tell me—they have not harmed thee?"

"No! no!—thank God, no!"

By this time the baronet had recovered his senses, and Elroy had recovered his feet. The former was upon the point of speaking, when KARMEL THE SCOUT stepped forward and held up his hand.

"Mercy!" at this moment ejaculated the foul lawyer, trembling like an aspen. "The yard's full of soldiers!"

"Ha!" cried Sir Arthur. "Treason in open day!"

"Poor fool!" spoke Karmel, in a tone of such withering contempt that Lincoln fairly shrank from him. "Do you not yet know the truth? You do. But yonder black-coated viper is partly right. I have a dozen American soldiers here in the yard, and more at hand if they are needed. But come—you have a room better than this in which to receive company."

"Back!" hissed Lincoln, as the old scout advanced towards the parlor. "Pollute not my floor with your tread!"

"Arthur Lincoln, I have soldiers without. If you have a fancy that way I can have them in here and let them lash you to your chair! It will be done, sir, if you dare to resist one atom!"

In the meantime Elroy had been measuring his cousin's frame once more with his eye. Perhaps he partly thought if 'twould be safe to attack the young captain; and he also wished to assure himself that it was in reality Robert Pemberton who stood before him—the same Robert who ought to have been hung four-and-twenty hours previously.

"Not dead yet?" he at length muttered.

"Not quite," returned our hero. "Your nicely contrived plan has failed you."

"My plan?" repeated Elroy, trying to appear surprised.

"O—you need not make strange of it. We understand who rode to Staten Island, and called a band of the enemy into our State!"

"I didn't do it! You know I didn't do it!" the young villain cried, utterly frightened by the fear that he might again be imprisoned by the Rebels.

"Never mind that," resumed Robert. "I know all about it. I understand you, sir."

Karmel had led the way back to the parlor, and Robert now followed him, leading Rosalie by the hand. Elroy hesitated a few moments; but the thought that Sir Arthur would surely be able to govern affairs in his own house gave him more assurance, and with a volley of half-uttered oaths he followed on after his cousin.

Arthur Lincoln had sunk into a chair, and was evidently trying to overcome a fearful emotion that had possessed him. Karmel stood a little upon one side, in front of him, and was gazing sternly upon him. The old scout's arms were folded upon his breast, and his features were wrought upon by the most intense loathing and contempt.

Robert had led Rosalie to the sofa on the opposite side of the room from where the host sat. He stood close beside her, with one of her hands clasped within his own, and her head resting upon his arm. She was trembling violently, for she knew not yet how she was to be saved. Yet the old agony was gone—the deathly look had given place to an expression of prayerful hope, and over all gleamed the bright beams of love.

The lawyer had taken a seat in one corner, where he was prepared to witness the proceedings. To him there was something awfully outrageous in the forcible entrance of a belligerent party into a citizen's house; and he felt that he might be a very important witness in case of an action for damages.

Elroy stood by his side, gazing first upon Sir Arthur, then upon Karmel, and then upon his cousin and Rosalie. At first he seemed very eager and confident; but when he came to notice the absolute terror which was stamped upon Mr. Lincoln's features his heart began to quake; and finally his knees trembled so that he was forced to sink into a seat.

The storm was gathering. The crash must soon come. Sir Arthur Lincoln bowed his head and covered his face with his hands as though to avoid the stroke. Ah! it was a dreadful moment for him! He knew the man who stood so sternly before him, too well! Back over the years of his manhood his memory ran, and there were two scenes still vividly pictured there that aroused in his soul both horror and remorse! And before him, like an avenging spirit arisen from the tomb of that dread past, stood the only other living man beside himself who could tell the story of his crime!

[TO BE CONTINUED IN OUR NEXT.]

MARCH.

Of all the months in the year, perhaps the March is the most scolded and fretted at—matter-of-fact people, who like early to spade their gardens, and start their plows, dislike his stiff winds and blustering snows, for they play havoc, sure enough, with early peas and radishes. Neither is he much petted by the poets—on the contrary, the entire crew of them have pretty generally turned him out to do for himself. Panting and coquetting April is greatly more admired—desolate and dreary winter has even been made to wear on his smiling face a dream of spring, but March, poor March—there are few so low as do him reverence. It is the moulting season of the year as it were, and is by common consent driven from fashionable society to pick its feathers and oil its new coat without aid or comfort. But for my part, I own to a friendly feeling for the rough month, and "my eyes make pictures when they're shut," of all his various and unpraised domain. I can hear the winds in the old familiar places whistling and roaring, and laughing, and in fact, making all sorts of noises—the water beginning to trickle among the stones and make a channel for itself, above the sheets of ice that will not get out of its way. Now and then the twitter of the blue-birds, comes down from the tops of the mulberries, as they look along the southern hill-sides to see if the spring is coming that way, and occasionally some bold and early settler breaks out into a chorus of such glee as makes the listener almost feel in his heart the tremble of the May leaves.

The cattle low to one another across the hills, seeming to inquire what news of beech-buds and sprouting grasses, and the colts caper up and down the hollows, cracking the thin ice on their last night's tracks, and in very wantonness biting the budding bark from whatever shrubs they meet.

Rustic girls, in sunbonnets big enough to intercept the heats of midsummer, begin to gad along the meadows, and zigzag about the thin edges of the woods, to see whether the ground-ivy is sprouting, and what repairs the last year's swing requires; and if they happen to find the adder's-tongue has already brought out her yellow cubs among the tangling roots and sheltering leaves of some old stub—why, there is such clapping of hands and chattering, as never was heard out of the woods, certainly.

School-boys have hung up their skates, and rolled high their pantaloons, preparatory to that jubilee of country youth—the wading season. To pry out the stumps and burn them, to ply the flail, and wash and shear the sheep, are all fun and frolic to them. The blood tingles lively along their veins, and their sympathy with thawing nature developes itself in a thousand curious antics.

The farmers are busy as they can be—the old fences are striped with new rails, and the axe rings where the trees that were singled and doomed during the leisure hours of winter, are being felled. The sugar-making is done—the troughs turned bottom-side up, and the "spiles" laid away against next year's requirement—the fire has gone out in the furnace, and the dead ashes and embers and row of empty ink-black kettles give a melancholy aspect to the hill-side that was lately radiant with burning hickory, and merry with sugar-makers.

The cows are taking home their calves, licked up sleek and smart as possible, and the ewe leads her young to the sunniest places—the rabbit comes out of his burrow and races along the hills with the wind; and the squirrel has gone to house-cleaning, and showers out his nut-shells and acorn-shells with a profusion that speaks well for his providence.

The rooster ruffles his neck-feathers more proudly, and crows with a clearer throat than a month ago; and patches of warmer sunshine here and there give token that the May-apple and the mushroom will before long put up their green and fawn-colored parasols. Despite its rough ways and dearth of fruits and flowers the March is a season of exhilerated sensation, and I would not willingly forego my memories of the happy times we have seen together. ALICE CARY.

SOLITUDE AND SOCIETY.

The crowded city, and the unfrequented woods and fields, are alike favorable to solitude. The large town, and the little village, are alike conducive to society. It is the mind that makes real solitude. A man may be as much alone at a ball, or a feast, or in a crowded theatre, as in "sitting on rocks, and musing o'er flood and fell." The impassioned lover is always alone without his sweetheart. The enthusiast is alone in his enthusiasm. And the madman is alone in his madness. These three only represent three different degrees of solitude. Poets, like the nightingales, and other singing-birds, warble forth their sweetest notes in the absence of all society. "The eagle soars alone," as Byron poetically remarks, whilst

"The gull and crow
Flock o'er their carrion, just like men below."

Solitude is the school of thought; of deep, precious, never-dying thought; but society is the school of wit, satire, and ridicule things of inferior value compared with the thought of the highest order of genius. "No great work was ever written on board a ship," observes a writer who failed in pursuing a course of study upon which he had resolved during a long sea voyage. You cannot easily find solitude there: the space is too limited, and the interruptions too numerous. But genius has overcome even greater difficulties than these, and created a solitude for immortal thought, even in the society of a termagant wife and her "clapper tongue." Such a wife had fallen to the lot of the celebrated Hooker, the author of five, if not more, of the eight learned books of the *Laws of Ecclesiastical Polity*. *She* was a pure specimen of a Kate, according to Isaac Walton, but *he* was not a Petrucchio. She sent him out to herd the sheep whilst the herdsman came home to his dinner and assisted her in certain domestic work; and at this employment two of his pupils found him reading the odes of Horace in self-created solitude, forgetting the sheep. When the servant returned he was sent home, and then he was ordered to rock the cradle, to all which discipline he submitted most patiently, saying, "If saints have usually a double share in the miseries of this life, I that am none, ought not to repine." This meekness and patience created the solitude, and enabled him to produce one of the most learned and talented works of that or any other age. Such a man could always be alone, amid social and domestic vexations; but there are French novel writers of the present age, who cannot think or write unless they are in full dress, with their rings on their fingers; and who cannot even read a new book unless it be previously bound for them in a certain elegant style. They cannot find intellectual solitude or absorption, until their vanity is first stuffed with agreeable food.

SOULS UNDISMAYED BY DEATH.

The prospect of death is so gloomy and dismal, that if it were constantly before our eyes, it would embitter all the sweets of life. The gracious Author of our being hath therefore so formed us, that we are capable of many pleasing sensations and reflections, and meet with so many amusements and solicitudes, as divert our thoughts from dwelling upon an evil, which, by reason of its seeming distance, makes but languid impressions upon the mind. But how distant soever the time of our death may be, since it is certain that we must die, it is necessary to allot some portion of our life to consider the end of it; and it is highly convenient to fix some stated times to meditate upon the final period of our existence here. The principle of self-love, as we are men, will make us inquire, what is like to become of us after our dissolution; and our conscience, as we are Christians, will inform us, that according to the good or evil of our actions here, we shall be translated to the mansions of eternal bliss or misery. When this is seriously weighed, we must think it madness to be unprepared against the black moment: but when we reflect that perhaps that black moment may be to-night, how watchful ought we to be!

We were wonderfully affected with a discourse we had lately with a clergyman of our acquaintance upon this head, which was to this effect: "The consideration," said the good man, "that my being is precarious, moved me many years ago, to make a resolution, which I have diligently kept, and to which I owe the greatest satisfaction that a mortal man can enjoy. Every night before I address myself in private to my Creator, I lay my hand upon my heart, and ask myself, whether if God should require my soul of me this night, I could hope for mercy from him? The bitter agonies I underwent in this my first acquaintance with myself were so far from throwing me into dispair of that mercy which is over all God's works, that they rather proved motives to greater circumspection in my future conduct. The oftener I exercised myself in meditations of this kind, the less was my anxiety; and by making the thoughts of death familiar, what was at first so terrible and shocking, is become the sweetest of my enjoyments. These contemplations have indeed made me serious, but not sullen; nay, they are far from having soured my temper, that as I have a mind perfectly composed, and a secret spring of joy in my heart, so my conversation is pleasant, and my countenance serene; I taste all the innocent satisfactions of life pure and sincere; I have no share in plersures that leave a sting behind them, nor am I cheated with that kind of mirth, 'in the midst of which there is heaviness.'"

ALL CAN BE GREAT IN THEIR SPHERE.

Since fortune is not in our power, let us be as little as possible in hers. Why should it be necessary that a man should be rich to be generous? If we measured by the quality and not the quantity of things, the particulars which accompany an action is what should denominate it mean or great. The highest station of human life is to be attained by each man that pretends to it: for every man can be as valiant, as generous, as wise, and as merciful, as the faculties and opportunities which he has from heaven and fortune will permit. He that can say to himself, I do as much good, and am as virtuous as my most earnest endeavors will allow me, whatever is his station in the world, is to himself possessed of the highest honor. If ambition is not thus turned, it is no other than a continual succession of anxiety and vexation. But when it has this cast, it invigorates the mind; and the consciousness of its own worth is a reward, which is not in the power of envy, reproach, or detraction, to take from it. Thus, the seat of solid honor is in a man's own bosom; and no one can want support who is in possession of an honest conscience, but he who would suffer the reproaches of it for other greatness.

ANIMAL DIET BAD FOR CHILDREN.

There is no greater error in the management of children than that of giving them animal diet very early. By persevering in the use of an over-stimulating diet, the digestive organs become irritated, and the various secretions, immediately connected with, and necessary to digestion, are diminished, especially the *biliary secretion*; and constipation of the bowels, and congestion of the abdominal circulation, succeed. Children so fed, become, moreover, very liable to attacks of fever and of inflammation, affecting particularly the mucous membranes; and measles, and the other diseases incident to childhood, are generally severe in their attack. In reference to this last remark, a distinguished medical gentleman mentioned to us that, in families where children lived on simple diet, without tea and coffee, if they were seized with measles, whooping cough, mumps, and similar diseases, he never called but once, as he knew there was no danger; but that in families where an opposite course was pursued, he always expected trouble.

LAUGHTER.

The pleasure arising from seeing others laugh is a common cause of laughter, so common that it is difficult to refrain, even without knowing the cause of their mirth. "I was," says Goldsmith, "by nature an admirer of happy human faces, and I seldom, if ever, enter a merry party without sharing the mirth. Walking some time since in Lincoln's Inn Fields, I followed a party of chimney sweepers, who, at the turning under the gateway, suddenly met three Chinese, apparently just arrived in London. It was clear they had never before seen chimney sweepers, and it seemed that the chimney sweepers had never till that moment seen such figures as the Chinese. Each party, and every spectator, was in a convulsion of laughter." A very good story; but we were not aware that any Chinese ever visited London in Goldsmith's time.

A BRILLIANT TALKER is not always liked by those whom he has most amused; for we are seldom pleased with those who have in any way made us feel our inferiority.

THE RIVULET.

A Song.

BY WM. W. FOSDICK.

Ever glancing, ever dancing,
Like a sportive child at play,
From its fountain, on the mountain,
Leaps the rivulet away;
From its starting swiftly darting,
Tinkling like a silver bell,
As it crosses through the mosses,
Where the forest fairies dwell.

When the olden moon is golden—
Gilding every tree and plant,
And the elfin feasts are holden
In the hollow oak they haunt—
Ever sparkling, through the darkling
Myrtles, green, and violet,
Thou art laughing, they are quaffing
Pansy wine from cups of jet.

Running slower, sinking lower,
As thy seaward course is sped—
Till it hushes, 'mid dead rushes,
By the ocean's briny bed:
So youth's gladness ends in sadness,
And life's rivulets, that start
From love's mountains, lose their fountains
In the Dead Sea of the heart!

THE ICE-BOUND HEART.

BY MARY C. VAUGHAN.

"Fanny, Fanny! Where are you my child? Come here, quick, I want you," called Mrs. Bruce, from her nursery door.

There was no reply, and she added, in an under tone, "What a provoking child!"—then louder, "Fanny don't you hear me? I want you this moment."

The words were not well spoken, before a little girl of ten or eleven years came out of a side entry and advanced along the hall with a quiet, gliding step. Her manner was as quiet as her motions, and there was no apparent hurry, although she moved swiftly.

"Oh, here you are!" exclaimed Mrs. Bruce, impatiently. "Why did you not come sooner?"

"I was counting the silver, mamma, as you told me, and you told me not to leave it until I finished and locked it up in the closet. Here is the key, mamma."

"Well, you did right, I suppose, though you have been too long about it," replied Mrs. Bruce, carelessly. "I want you to sit beside little Bobby and keep him quiet, while I go down and give orders to this new cook for dinner. Poor little fellow," she added, with a tenderness of tone that contrasted strangely with her manner toward the little girl, as she stooped to arrange the cradle drapery around the babe, whose flushed face and labored breathing testified how greatly he was suffering; "poor little darling, he has been very sick all night, and your father promised to send Dr. Elton before this time. Keep him quiet if you can, but call me if he wakes."

With these words Mrs. Bruce went out, soliloquizing as she went down the stairs, "Fanny is the strangest child. I never saw such an expressionless countenance; one would think she did not care at all for little Bobby; and yet, I know she does, though she never asked a question, nor looked the least anxious."

The moment the door was closed, little Fanny threw herself on her knees beside the cradle. Could her step-mother have seen her then, she would not have deemed her countenance expressionless, or her heart unfeeling. The tears were rolling down her pale cheeks as she gently took the sick babe's burning hand, and pressed her lips upon it.

"Oh, little Bobby," she murmured, "are you, indeed, so very sick? Fanny will take care of you. Fanny loves you. But, Bobby, I would, oh, how willingly, be just as sick as you, if mamma would speak to me as she does to you. My own dear mother used to call me her 'darling,' her 'own little Fanny,' but since she went away to live with the angels, nobody loves or calls me pet names any more."

Bending her head upon the pillow beside the sick child's, her sobs grew louder and more unrestrained, till the little one, disturbed, threw up his arms, and moved as if about to awake. Then little Fanny raised herself, and while with one hand she rocked the cradle, with the other she wiped away her tears. Before the babe had sunk again to slumber, her face had resumed the cold, calm expression so unnatural, so pitiful in one of her years.

Her attention was fixed upon the babe, who stirred from time to time, and grew more restless. At length, with a faint cry, his little eyes opened widely. The next instant the crimson fever flush upon his face deepened to purple, and his features and limbs were distorted by a violent convulsion.

Fanny ran to the door, crying "mamma, mamma," in tones of terror, then back to the cradle, resolutely looking upon the distorted face, and holding the convulsed hands in her own, though the scene was fearful enough to alarm one far older than herself.

Mrs. Bruce hurried into the room, but, apparently more frightened than Fanny, could only sink back into her rocking-chair and moan and wring her hands in utter helplessness. Fortunately the physician at that moment arrived, and finding Fanny far more capable of rendering assistance at that critical moment, than her more excitable mother, he made her hold the medicine, while he forced open the child's clenched teeth, and then sent her to the kitchen with orders to the cook to prepare a warm bath.

Little Bobby was relieved for the time, but disease had sapped the foundations of his young life; the convulsions returned, stronger and more frequent, and before night his little body lay calm and tenantless, the fever-flush displaced by the pallor of death, and the limbs lately writhing in convulsions, straight and rigid in their marble-like beauty.

Through most of that sad day, Mrs. Bruce had lain helpless in hysterical convulsions; while Fanny, pale and calm, had been ready to aid wherever aid was needed. Even when the babe was dead, and the mother was rending the air with her shrieks, and the father shed tears that were no shame to his manhood, she looked on with dry eyes and made no moan.

Afterward, Dr. Elton in speaking of the day's events said:

"I never saw so strange a child as Fanny Bruce. She went through all the trying scenes of that day, absolutely without emotion, so far as I could discover. Still she made herself extremely useful, did the right thing at the right time, and had all her wits about her. She will make a highly practical woman, I should imagine," and added sneeringly, "probably one of the strong minded."

And her mother, in relating the story, always finished by averring that "Fanny had no heart, no sensibility," and would add, with a sigh, "how fortunate such a moral constitution was, for Fanny would escape much of the suffering that finely-organized and sensitive natures like her own were exposed to."

Nobody heard Fanny's sobs in the solitude of her own little room, or saw the pillow drenched with tears of that long night of weeping and anguish. And thus, even in her childhood, was Fanny Bruce misjudged: Her calmness and self-control construed into want of feeling, the nature that was simply undemonstrative called emotionless, her dread of scenes taken for a want of sensibility, her silent cravings for sympathy and love all unsuspected and unsatisfied. Her father, absorbed in business, and with new loves and cares clustering around him, almost overlooked the pale, quiet little girl, whose mother had left her to his sole charge years ago, when she went from his side so suddenly, in the midst of her youth and beauty, and never thought of giving her the love and sympathy for which she made no demands; while her step-mother, perfectly convinced of the truth of her theory of Fanny's want of heart, would have been much surprised had one informed her that she left anything undone of her full duty when she had provided carefully for the child's physical wants. Even Fanny's unvarying attention and kindness to Mrs. Bruce's fast-increasing brood of little ones, was all set down to her "uncommon practical talent," and received with the sort of gratitude one extends to an exemplary servant.

From out this loveless childhood Fanny emerged into womanhood—a tall, stately girl, fair, golden-haired, blue-eyed—a cold, calm beauty to the eye—attracting by that beauty, but repelling by her manner, all who approached. Yet not quite all, for there was one who had penetrated the icy reticence of that outward calmness, and learned that beneath it, like the hidden fires of the volcano, beneath its snow-covered sides, there beat a warm heart, fired by an intense longing for sympathy and love.

Fanny's nature needed but the Promethean touch to kindle its hidden fires to flame, and Justus Elton's was the hand that held the torch. They had known each other from childhood, for Justus was the motherless child of Dr. Elton, who had passed his judgment upon Fanny years before.

There was one bond of sympathy between these motherless little ones in childhood, their bereaved and lonely condition. Justus, under the care of his father's ancient housekeeper, a woman who if she had ever any affections, had survived them all, pined for companionship. He was a delicate, spiritual-looking boy, "full of modes and fancies," his bustling father said, "and just the one to be benefited by that practical little woman of Bruce's." So the two were playmates in childhood, companions at school, confidents always, and lovers before they were in the least aware of the fact. All the repulsed tenderness of Fanny's nature was poured out upon Justus, all the dreamy enthusiasm of his was bestowed on her. What he lacked in energy and steady perseverance was supplied from her, what she lacked of imagination, Justus gave. Together, they formed a perfect whole—and seemed to realize, in all its perfection, the idea of a true union.

But, even after it was known that a marriage was contemplated between the pair, long after comment and wonder had died out, their union was delayed. First, Justus fell into bad health, and his father sent him to travel into the "sweet south" in search of his lost strength. Then Mr. Bruce failed in business, and while all was going wrong with him, and misfortunes were gathering about him in crowds, as they are so apt to do, Mrs. Bruce failed in health. She became more excitable and hysterical than ever, "all one nerve," as she poetically expressed herself to her gossips, just at the time when all her strength and force of character were needed to sustain and cheer her husband under the pressure of his difficulties.

Thus a more than double burden fell upon Fanny. The care of her invalid mother, and of the straitened household, and the riotous children; and what she desired to accomplish more, if possible, than all else, the comforting and restraint of her father. He was plunging madly about as men will do so often when in difficulty, and involving himself deeper with every struggle, rushing into wild speculations—a gambler in all but the name, and risking even his children's bread, in his insane efforts.

Those were very sad and cheerless days for poor Fanny. She moved about in her usual cold, calm manner, every emotion carefully repressed, even while her heart was wrung at Justus's vehement and unjust reproaches, that she should prefer any one to him, and should be willing to further postpone their long-delayed marriage; while she was grieved at repeated repulses from her father, who could not unlearn his old lesson of believing her heartless; and her temper sorely tried at her mother's exactions and complaints, and the minor troubles of her domestic life.

But Fanny, feeling that duty required her presence in her ungenial home, obstinately refused to leave it; and Justus finding her inexorable, and being unable to deny the justice of her reasoning, or the imperative nature of the claims upon her, finally decided to accept the invitation of a friend to accompany him in a voyage to Europe—the very thing Dr. Elton asserted which was needed for the perfect restoration of his health.

"Matters will work themselves clear at home, my boy," the doctor said. "Bruce will have gotten rid of all but his wife's little fortune, which he cannot touch, by the time you return, when he will have to move into the country and turn farmer. Meanwhile I'll see what tonics will do for his silly wife's 'nerves,' and I think will manage to release your 'captive princess,' and be able to restore her to her true knight on his return. You only worry yourself, and Fanny, too, by staying here with such a woe-begone face—and she, poor girl, has got some heart, I begin to believe, with all her 'strong-mindedness;' so you had better go."

So go he did, and in the trying scenes that followed, Dr. Elton had occasion, more than once, to confirm his growing disbelief of his old and largely shared theory, that to no woman is ever given strength of character and practical talent, in connection with strength and warmth of affection. And, even he, but partially understood the character which he was forced to love, as well as to admire.

The final crash came at last, and Mr. Bruce, overcome by the lengthened excitement of his months of struggle, fell violently ill. Skill and care were in vain, and the weary frame and busy brain were soon at rest.

Fanny was indeed an orphan at last, all alone, but for the helpless family—mother and little ones—utterly dependent on her care and forethought.

It was Fanny who unflinchingly entered into the settlement of her father's entangled affairs. It was Fanny who ordered the sale of all unnecessary household goods; and Fanny, who went herself down into the country to make ready for their removal to the old farm-house where Mrs. Bruce had been born, and then hurried back to relieve her mother of all care and trouble. And it was Fanny who arranged the new home, and strove to make it cheerful and pleasant; and repressed her tears when Mrs. Bruce, who made a merit of being helplessly overpowered with grief, ironically congratulated the family that one member of it had brain, but no heart. "For her part," the widow would say, "she was all heart—*she* never expected to be able to think again, certainly not to find comfort and cheerfulness in work and bustle." Even this, Fanny, accustomed all her life to misconception and ingratitude, bore in silence, and only in darkness and solitude poured forth her grief in tears.

But the cup of her sorrows was not yet full. It was destined to overflow.

Justus Elton, as soon as he heard of the death of Mr. Bruce, embarked for home. A fearful storm arose when the ship, on which he was a passenger, was in mid-ocean. It was seen at the commencement of the storm, but never after; the sea only has power to tell of those that, amidst the fierce warfare of the elements, went down to rise no more until the last great day, into the seething depths.

Fanny met this fiercest sorrow of her life alone, as she had met every other. There was no loving sympathy to soften the blow—no one seemed to comprehend that she suffered; and when she had passed two or three days in solitude and in agony, that added a score of years to her age in appearance, she emerged to resume her duties, and to hear her mother wonder that a person who had so little feeling as to never be seen to shed a tear when she heard of her lover's death, could find it necessary to neglect those who were suffering from bereavement and sorrow so long.

A nicer observer than Mrs. Bruce would have seen in Fanny's outward appearance, icy as it was, that she suffered keenly. But she never heeded the slowness of her step, or the abstraction of her air—perfectly satisfied if her own wants were supplied and the children cared for, and reposing in her long-cherished theory of Fanny's impassibility.

Fanny's task was now a very hard one. Utterly without hope, and unrefreshed by word of kindness, she toiled on, encountering the ills of poverty in addition to the heavy burden of her cares. The little farm which had been Mrs. Bruce's patrimony, and was now their sole means of support, consisted of a few neglected and unproductive acres. Fanny had not even the advantage of having lived in the country before, and was capable of being deceived and overreached in all respects save where her own good sense overcame her ignorance and enabled her to detect imposture. She set herself sincerely to learn what was necessary to know, and did all that lay in her power to improve the little domain with the same perseverance which had characterized all her actions through life. But, with all her efforts, poverty could not be averted, and whenever a want was unsupplied she was met with reproaches.

A few years passed on in this way, Mrs. Bruce growing continually more helpless and exacting, and undoing by her constant complaints, and her sordid injustice, all that Fanny accomplished for the moral culture of her children. Every year increased the burden of Fanny's cares, while every year saw her long overtasked strength, sapped by silent grief and ceaseless toil of hand and brain, decrease. Five years after the death of Justus she knew that she should soon follow him, and rejoiced, for her own sake; while she sorrowed for the helpless ones to whom her life had been devoted.

At this period one who long had been a suitor for her hand renewed his proposals. Poverty stared them in the face; her mother urged, entreated, scolded, and reproached her with selfishly refusing to secure the welfare of the family. Mr. Layton was rich, and he promised the widow an independence—settled upon her and her children, if she would procure Fanny's consent to become his wife.

Fanny had an interview with Mr. Layton, and told him all—that her heart could never be his, much as she thanked him for his disinterested attachment, which had withstood the ordeal of repeated repulses and constant coldness. She told him that she was dying, but that if he wished, knowing all, she would become his wife, thus securing competence to those she should soon leave forever. She would never fail in one duty, she said, and if he could be satisfied with less than love, he should never have cause to doubt her esteem and gratitude.

Mr. Layton looked upon the fair girl, whose cheek was already brilliant with a glow which, to a practical eye, would have told of the presence of decay. Its likeness to the hue of health deceived him; he listened to his hopes rather than to his fears, and, glad to win the hand of her he had so long loved, on any terms, he urged her to name the bridal day.

The sacrifice was consummated, and Fanny, with unchanging mien, laid the remnant of her life upon the altar whereon its whole beauty and joy had been offered up. How she wore her outward calmness none may know—her struggles were solitary, and marked themselves upon her failing strength.

Mr. Layton, indeed, found no cause for complaint. The heart that had pined so long for sympathy, could not refuse some return for his unbounded tenderness. If she could not give him love she bestowed upon him friendship, affection, gratitude—the rich offering of a full heart.

In a few months, as she had foretold, she sank to her rest—and her last days were the brightest of all, save the early days of her beautiful first love. Soothed by the loving care of the tenderest of husbands—appreciated and understood by him, as only one had done before, she could not be unhappy; and, sustained by an unfaltering trust in the Father of all, she went away to meet those gone before, in perfect peace and joy.

Even Mrs. Bruce, amidst the comforts of her new and pleasant home, obtained by poor Fanny's sacrifice, shed some tears over her departure—the children were inconsolable in their boisterous grief; while Layton, left as he was to a loneliness only darker for his brief gleam of happiness, found no comfort but in the hope of reunion.

Like many another of earth's martyrs, Fanny Bruce was better loved and better understood when she was dead than ever she had been in life; and those who had despised and reproached her, when with them, mourned sincerely when she was gone forever.

FOLLIES OF VAIN OLD AGE.

Let youth, more decent in their follies, scoff
The nauseous scene, and hiss thee reeling off.

It would be a good appendix to "The art of living and dying," if any one would write "The art of growing old," and teach men to resign their pretensions to the pleasures and gallantries of youth in proportion to the alteration they find in themselves by the approach of age and infirmities. The infirmities of this stage of life would be much fewer, if we did not affect those which attend the more vigorous and active part of our days; but instead of studying to be wiser, or being contented with our present follies, the ambition of many of us is also to be the same sort of fools we formerly have been.

OUR MOTHERS.

Multitudinous faces shine upon me to-day from the tranquil heaven of a lost happiness. Lost, but remembered fondly. All these faces are transfigured with the beauty of love, which is not of earth—but the quintessence of heaven—the atmosphere about God! Some of these faces are solemn and bright, like the stars of the morning, unreal in the eternity of distance. Such were twin-spirits, who went early to drink of the clear waters of life everlasting.

And this one—radiant with the abiding tenderness, even the sorrowful could not wash away—so victorious over the "dust and ashes," and the grave-dark, shadowless, but with a summer of steadfast sunshine in the holiest of eyes, this face is of my angel-mother.

Even she stoops toward me, her darling, smiling on me out of the arch-Heavens, and overleaning the jasper walls of the fair city, to talk with me in the melodious language of "the sons of morning," till the glorification of her golden hair is mingled with the splendor of the stars.

Lost to pain, but sweetly fond of peace; not forgotten, though passed forever from my mortal sight, nor loved the less because so early lost, sleep on! smile on! under the grave-clay, and in heaven—corruptible, and incorruptible—never a care to trouble you, and no sorrow to touch your solemn repose. As a weary bird from distant lands, drinks, folding her wing beside a silent spring in the spicy shadow of some fair Palm of the Tropics; so do I seek her grave, afar from the desolate storms of the world. And kneeling humbly, drink inly from the beautiful assurance that the faded form in its straight white sleep under the lilies, is but the solemn shadow flung earthward, of the glorified life above, which God, for Christ's sake, hath made immortal!

* * * * *

Living, to love and suffer, loving to suffer and die, is the generous aim of woman. For her, there is no mightier reach of intellect than that her winged thoughts, and aspirations of love achieve, stretching on through living, beyond death, until lost in the bosom of the infinite. (And what more may man achieve?) For her, there is no sublimer battle-field than the arena of men's hearts. And therein, her tenderness, her humility, her native purity, her illimitable powers of loving,—like a steadfast Angel, strong to baffle the evil with the good—war nobly with man's unsanctified passions, and win a silent victory.

Curl not your bearded lips in scorn of her gentle teaching, oh! ye dark, strong men—ye demi-gods of labor. Ye, with sinews and muscles mighty to dig and delve; to toil at the fiery forge, or curb the wrathful lion of the seas with the proud right arm of science; and ye who drive the shining plough-share of philosophy through fields of future harvest—all your foreheads, be they grim with sweat and dust, or royal with immortal bays, are holy with the kiss of motherhood!

With the deep spiritual eyes that shall one day see God, look inly! The kiss your mother left upon your cheek and baby-brow, when first you saw light, and drew in with the first breath of being that divine essence imperishable as eternity—the tender blessing whispered on earth, but audible in Heaven, given with uplifted heart and hands, crown you still: aye, as the stars of the summer make glorious the forehead of the great night.

Battle nobly with the enslaving world—wield a stout sword with a fearless arm for truth's and freedom's sake; but keep your mother's blessing and her kiss (the lips that gave them, are under this snow, perhaps,) as sacredly as the Arch-Angel keeps the great seal of the universe.

EMMA ALICE BROWNE.

A DISMAL PLIGHT.—A GOOD STORY.

Sir John Mandeville, an old British navigator, gives some astonishing reports of adventures in the Arctic seas—such, for example, as the following:

We were separated by a storm in the latitude of *seventy-three*, insomuch, that only the ship which I was in, with a Dutch and French vessel, got safe into a creek of Nova Zembla. We landed, in order to refit our vessels, and store ourselves with provisions. The crew of each vessel made themselves a cabin of turf and wood, at some distance from each other, to fence themselves against the inclemencies of the weather, which was severe beyond imagination. We soon observed that, in talking to one another, we lost several of our words, and could not hear one another at above two yards distance, and that too when we sat very near the fire. After much perplexity, I found that our words froze in the air before they could reach the ears of the persons to whom they were spoken. I was soon confirmed in this conjecture, when, upon the increase of the cold, the whole company grew dumb, or rather deaf; for every man was sensible, as we afterwards found, that he spoke as well as ever; but the sounds no sooner took air than they were condensed and lost. It was now a miserable spectacle to see us nodding and gaping at one another, every man talking, and no man heard. One might observe a seaman that could hail a ship at a league's distance, beckoning with his hand, straining his lungs, and tearing his throat; but all in vain:

Nor voice, nor words ensued.

We continued here three weeks in this dismal plight. At length upon a turn of wind, the air about us began to thaw. Our cabin was immediately filled with a dry, clattering sound, which I afterwards found to be the crackling of consonants that broke above our heads, and very often mixed with a gentle hissing, which I imputed to the letter *s*, that occurs so frequently in the English tongue. I soon after felt a breeze of whispers rushing by my ear; for those, being of a soft and gentle substance, immediately liquified in the warm wind that blew across our cabin. These were soon followed by syllables and short words, and at length by entire sentences, that melted sooner or later, as they were more or less congealed; so that we now heard everything that had been *spoken* during the whole three weeks that we had been *silent*, if I may use the expression. It was now very early in the morning, and yet to my surprise, I heard somebody say, "Sir John, it is midnight, and time for the ship's crew to go to bed." This I knew to be the pilot's voice; and, upon recollecting myself, I concluded that he had spoken these words to me some days before, though I could not hear them until the present thaw. My reader will easily imagine how the whole crew was amazed to hear every man talking, and see no man opening his mouth. In the midst of this great surprise we were all in, we heard a volley of oaths and curses, lasting for a long while, and uttered in a very hoarse voice, which I knew belonged to the boatswain, who was a very choleric fellow, and had taken this opportunity of cursing and swearing at me when he thought I could not hear him; for I had several times given him the strappado on that account, as I did not fail to repeat it for these his pious soliloquies, when I got him on ship-board.

THE PRINCE AND THE DOCTOR.

The incident given below, which occurred between Alexander the Great and his physician, is one of the most remarkable which history records. This prince, in the midst of his conquests in Persia, was seized by a violent fever; and according to the account we have of his vast mind, his thoughts were more employed about his recovery as it regarded the war, than as it concerned his own life. He professed, a slow method was worse than death to him; because it was, what he more dreaded, an interruption of his glory. He desired a dangerous, so it might be a speedy remedy. During this impatience of the king, it is well known that Darius had offered an immense sum to any one who should take away his life. But Philippus, the most esteemed and most knowing of his physicians, promised that within three days' time, he would prepare a medicine for him, which would restore him more expeditiously than could be imagined. Immediately after this engagement, Alexander receives a letter from the most considerable of his captains, with intelligence that Darius had bribed Philippus to poison him. Every circumstance imaginable favored this suspicion; but this monarch, who did nothing but in an extraordinary manner, concealed the letter; and while the medicine was preparing, spent all his thoughts upon his behavior in this important incident. From his long soliloquy, he came to this resolution: Alexander must not lie here alive to be oppressed by his enemy. I will not believe my physician guilty; or, I will perish rather by his guilt, than my own diffidence.

At the appointed hour, Philippus enters with the potion. One cannot but form to one's self on this occasion, the encounter of their eyes, the resolution in those of the patient, and the benevolence in the countenance of the physician. The hero raised himself in his bed, and, holding the letter in one hand so Philippus could behold its contents, and the potion in the other, drank the medicine, while the physician read the terrible charge. It may be imagined with what keenness the prince watched the face of Philippus, as the former drank and the latter read, to note by the expression of the physician's face whether the medicine was to restore him to health, or to hasten his death. When the potion had been drunk and the letter read, Philippus turned to Alexander and said:

"Sir, my life never depended on yours more than it does now. Without knowing this secret, I prepared the potion, which you have taken, as what concerned Philippus no less than Alexander; and there is nothing new in this adventure, but that it makes me still more admire the generosity and confidence of my master."

Alexander took him by the hand, and said, "Philippus, I am confident you had rather I had any other way to have manifested the faith I have in you, than a case which so nearly concerns me; and in gratitude I now assure you, I am anxious for the effect of your medicine, more for your sake than my own."

A CUNNING DODGE.

A few days since a person, genteelly dressed, was observed standing at the window of a respectable jeweller of Broadway, as if admiring the rich work displayed for sale inside. He had an umbrella placed carelessly under one arm, and, while he was gazing, another individual who was passing, apparently prompted by a love of mischief, contrived adroitly to thrust the umbrella through the glass, and escape, while the unfortunate gentleman stood on the spot stupified with astonishment. A clerk rushed out, and demanded why he had broken the window; he denied that he had done it, but appearances were against him, and he was obliged to enter the store to settle the affair. The proprietor of the establishment demanded payment for the damage done, and when the other talked of his complete innocence, threatened to send for the police. The pane of glass was strong plate, and the cost $10. "It is enormous," said the unfortunate. "I paid it, and you must," replied the jeweller. "Here is a dollar," said the stranger. "Send for a constable!" indignantly ejaculated the man of metal. He was inexorable, and the other at length submitted, complaining bitterly, but observing justly that a gentleman couldn't go to a police-office for a trifle. He took out a roll of bank-notes, some hundred and some fifty dollar ones, gave one of the latter to the pacified jeweller, received $40. as his balance, and retired. A friend dropped into the store shortly after—the occurrence was mentioned, and the note shown as a corroborating proof; it was a counterfeit. The jeweller has not told the story since; but his friend considered it too good to keep, and so do we.

PARENTAL ERRORS AND INJUSTICE.

But whence these turns of inclination rose,
The Genius this, the God of Nature, knows;
That mystic power, which our actions guides,
Attends our stars, and o'er our lives presides.

Among those inclinations which are common to all men, there is none more unaccountable than that *unequal* love by which parents distinguish their children from each other. Sometimes vanity and self-love appear to have a share towards this effect; and in other instances we have been apt to attribute it to mere instinct; but, however that is, we frequently see the child, that has been beholden to neither of these impulses in his parents, in spite of being neglected, snubbed, and thwarted at home, acquire a behavior which makes him as agreeable to all the rest of the world, as that of every one else of their family is to each other. So little do parents understand that they are, of all people, the least judges of their children's merit, that what they reckon such, is seldom anything else but a repetition of their own faults and infirmities.

The truth of it is, those parents who are interested in the care of one child more than that of another, no longer deserve the name of parents, but are, in effect, as childish as their children, in having such unreasonable and ungoverned inclinations. A father of this sort has degraded himself into one of his own offspring, for none but a child would take part in the passions of children.

LOVE OF TITLES.

A well-known gentleman of Winchester, in the State of Virginia, is in the habit of relating an amusing anecdote on the great love that the Americans have for naval and military titles. Crossing the Potomac into Virginia, with his horse, in a ferry-boat, the ferryman said, "Major, I wish you would lead your horse a little forward," which he immediately did, observing to the man, "I am not a Major, and you need not call me one." To this the ferryman replied, "Well, Kurnel, I ax your pardon, and I'll not call you so no more." Being arrived at the landing-place, he led his horse out of the boat, and said, "My good friend, I am a very plain man, I am neither a Colonel nor a Major, I have no title at all, and I don't like them. How much have I to pay you?" The ferryman looked at him and said, "You are the first white man I ever crossed this ferry that warn't jist nobody at all, and I swar I'll not charge you nothing."

TO A.

Written at Home.

BY ALICE CARY.

At home! I know each vale and hill,
 Each wood and orchard tree;
Yet all seem dark, and hushed, and still,
 As if they knew not me.

It is as if our harvest ground
 Had brought up fear and doubt,
And on the hearth we played around,
 The fires had all gone out.

I see the slope, still green and bright
 From whence the twilight went,
Drawing often level lines of light,
 Like cordage from a tent.

Each childish play-ground memory claims,
 And tells me, "Here, and thus,
We called the echoes by their names,
 And made them answer us."

Still, where the high-road's dusty track
 The bare ridge runs across,
And takes upon its tawny back
 A housing of red moss,

The school-house stands—the spelling-books
 Still piled against the wall,
With "copies" of fantastic crooks—
 Unprofitable, all!

For all unprofitable seems,
 As the dry ribs fall out
From the poor skeleton of dreams
 I've lived my life about.

Fame's stepping-stones are vainly sought
 Where round my youth they lay;
The lever of my riper thought
 Has pried them all away.

But faith has gained a steadier trust,
 And hope no more is driven,
Either to trail along the dust,
 Or shave the stars of heaven.

And in this change, and interfuse
 Of dust with all I see,
I recognize the shifting hues
 Of changeless Deity.

And from the unsatisfying quest
 To know the final plan,
I turn my soul to what is best
 In nature, and in man.

FOREST SKETCHES---NO. 16.

WITH ILLUSTRATIONS.

BY COL. WALTER F. DUNLAP.

THE ANACONDA.

One evening Garl and Harris came in together, and brought with them a very large serpent of the copperhead species. It was an ugly looking customer, and as I stood and gazed upon it I could not help thinking how much power is sometimes given to the most insignificant reptiles. Here was a monster, without the first useful quality that has ever yet been discovered; seemingly created for nothing but to destroy and devour animals of much more worth than himself—and yet his power for evil was immense. However—there is one consolation: The Wondrous Power that created these seeming scourges has placed them beyond the usual homes of man; and for every creation of this kind He has given to us ten thousand blessings. Those who complain of the seeming ills of earth forget to count these blessings. Who shall say that even the Copperhead was not created for some wise and beneficent purpose?

The presence of the venomous reptile naturally turned our conversation upon the subject of serpents in general, and several anecdotes were related. Finally I was appealed to, as it was known that I had travelled some in those regions where the larger serpents abound; and I related to them the following

ADVENTURE WITH AN ANACONDA.

When I was in the last of my 'teens I had a strong desire to sail around the world. My father was a merchant, and had an interest in several ships; and from the time that I left my academy until I was nineteen—a space of about a year—I gave him no peace. At length he concluded to let me go. It was on the very day that I was nineteen years old. I was as tall as I am now, and though not so muscular and firmly knit in frame, yet I was very near as stout in body. My father obtained me a berth as supercargo, and I considered myself the happiest man on the face of the earth.

The old ship Trident was ready for sea—bound for a trading voyage around the earth—and I was ready to go in her. We sailed with a fair wind, and I promised myself a fair voyage. We stopped first at the Cape Verdes; next at St. Thomas; then we doubled the Cape of Good Hope, and stopped at Zanzibar. Then we sailed to Muskat; and so on, trading as we went, and making money rapidly. At length we reached Canton; and from there we ran down, through the China Sea, to the Sea of Celebes, and stopped at Manado, a town on the northern point of the Island of Celebes, which island, however, is more generally known by the name of Macassar.

Here we sold a lot of cutlery, cloth, and manufactured articles of various kinds, taking in exchange coffee, spices, and a choice lot of medicinal drugs, all of which we got at cheap rates.

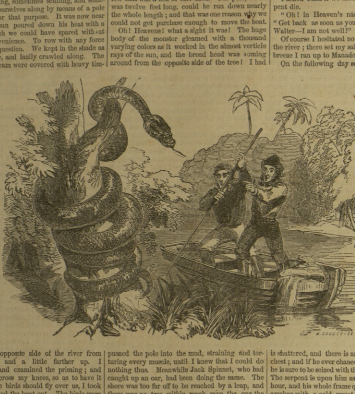
I had seen some most beautiful birds flying about on shore, and as I knew how to preserve and mount them, I wanted very much to get some of them. One of the natives informed me that, some four miles to the southward and westward of us, where a small stream emptied into the sea, I could find plenty of birds of all kinds and colors.

On the following morning I asked the captain if I could have the small wherry during the day, and he told me yes. This wherry was a small, snug, trim affair, which we had on purpose for a sort of errand boat, where only one or two persons wished to go in her. But the day promised to be a very hot one, and I came very nigh finding no one who would go with me. I had asked all whose society I fancied, and they had all said no. Finally our second mate, whose name was Spinnet—Jack Spinnet, and who had once told me no—came and asked me if I had found a companion. I told him I had not, and then he said he would go with me. I was pleased with this, for he was the first one I had asked, and the very man whom I most liked for such companionship.

We got our guns and knives; and having taken a few articles we fancied we might need, we got into the boat. The short, light mast was stepped, the small sail set, and away we went down the coast, under a creeping breeze, at the rate of three miles an hour. We found the river without trouble, and as soon as we had got well up into it, I proposed unstepping the mast, as the sail might frighten the birds. They might be used to seeing boats, but not white sails. So the mast was taken down, and we plied the oars.

The day was a hot one in right good earnest; but we were in for it, and did not complain. We shot several beautiful birds; but the one I most wanted we had not yet seen. It was congenerous with the bird of paradise. I had only seen two. They were quite large, with a body nearly as heavy as the body of our common pigeon, and with the most luxuriant profusion of gaudy plumage I ever saw. The body was of a bright scarlet, the wings nearly all black, and the tail consisted of a perfect rainbow, both in color and shape.

We made our way up the river very slowly, sometimes rowing, sometimes sculling, and sometimes pushing ourselves along by means of a pole which we had for that purpose. It was now near noon, and the sun poured down his heat with a prodigality which we could have spared without the least inconvenience. To row with any force was out of the question. We kept in the shade as much as possible, and lazily crawled along. The banks of the stream were covered with heavy timber, all interwoven below with vines and tangled wild-wood of all descriptions. Here and there dark, dismal-looking bayous, made up from the river, almost entirely covered with reeds and old trees. The stream itself was not deep, as we could use our setting-pole anywhere, though in some places we could sink it beyond reach in soft mud; and, save where these small bayous made out, it was not over twenty yards wide.



At length I saw the bird I wanted. There were two of them, upon the opposite side of the river from where we were, and a little farther up. I caught my gun, and examined the priming; and having laid it across my knees, so as to have it ready in case the birds should fly over us, I took my oar and started the boat out. The birds were standing upon a branch, which made out from an old tree of the cypress species, and nearly, if not quite, over the water. My only fear was that we might frighten them away. Jack proposed that we should pull across and down at the same time, and then work up towards the birds under cover. This was a good plan, and we at once acted upon it.

When we had gained the opposite shore, we were covered from our game by the overhanging foliage, so we worked up without fear of alarming it. I took my position in the bow of the boat, with my double-barreled gun in my hand, and already cocked; while Jack sat in the stern-sheets, pushing noiselessly up with the pole.

At length I turned, and whispered to my companion to push carefully, for I knew we were coming very near. In half a minute more I saw the birds through an opening in the foliage, and I quickly called out for Jack to stop, and he did so. The birds were still upon the same branch, and my chance was a good one, though rather a longer range than I would have chosen could I have had everything my own way. I fired—and I saw one of the gorgeous fellows drop. I threw down my gun, and caught an oar, and we were soon near the spot

The shore was low, and we could see the wounded bird struggling, some fifteen or twenty feet from the water. We drove our boat ashore, as quickly as possible, and as she touched I leaped out. I had hardly touched the soft, grassy earth, when a sharp, terrified cry from my companion arrested my further progress. I turned, and I saw him standing in the boat—his face pale as death—a look of utter horror pervading every feature; and his frame quivering like an aspen. He seemed to be strangling—he seemed to be trying in vain to either breathe or to speak. One hand was extended, and the other hung by his side shaking with sudden palsy.

"Jack," I cried, "in mercy's name, what is the matter?"

"Come—come—to the boat!" he gasped, in a frantic burst.

"But what is it?" I insisted, becoming frightened by his deathly look.

Pretty soon the power came to him.

"Jump for the boat!" he cried. "Don't stop to look to the right nor left! Jump! jump! For your life, jump!"

In an instant the thought of some venomous reptile flashed upon my mind, and without further hesitancy I started. When I reached the boat I looked back upon the ground where I had stood, but saw nothing. I was just upon the point of asking Jack what he had seen when, accidentally, I raised my eye to the huge tree above me. A cry of horror burst from my lips, and but for the need of action I should certainly have sunk down with absolute terror.

Upon the tree—coiled around and around—with his great broad, flat head lapped over the very limb upon which the birds had sat—and over the spot where I had stood—his cold, diamond eyes glittering like gems in the sunlight, was a monster anaconda!—the largest I had ever seen—the largest I had ever heard of—larger, much larger than I believed they ever grew! The tree was over three feet in diameter—certainly seven feet in circumference—and the monster was coiled about that five times, and had certainly eight feet to spare from the tree to his head. That head was right above us now, and the forked tongue was darting out angrily.

As soon as I was in I sprang to the stern sheets and caught the pole. I pushed the boat off—the stern struck a sunken limb—it swept in shore—and we were in the mud!

"Push! push! For your life push! See! see! He means to strike us!" cried Jack, pointing up to the monster's head as he spoke.

(*See Engraving.*)

I pushed—pushed with all my might—but to no effect. The boat would not budge an inch! The bows would swing around, but the stern was fast.

"Can't you push her off?" asked Jack.

"No," I returned. "Something's got her foul!"

Just as I spoke the serpent threw his head back, and carried it to the opposite side of the tree. What he meant to do we did not then try to consider. We only thought of getting our boat out of his reach. Jack caught an oar, and we both pushed together; but the thing would not budge! What could it be? We were not held thus by the mud—that was impossible,—and yet we only had soft mud to brace against when we pushed.

I was growing crazy! There was a monster, whose power might crush us as though we had been worms, within an easy reaching distance, and yet we could not move! To move the boat was impossible. What held her I could not tell. To leap overboard would only be sure death; for the water was not over eighteen inches deep, and below that was a bed of soft mud. Our pole, which was twelve feet long, could be run down nearly the whole length; and that was one reason why we could not get purchase enough to move the boat.

Oh! Heavens! what a sight it was! The huge body of the monster gleamed with a thousand varying colors as it worked in the almost verticle rays of the sun, and the broad head was coming around from the opposite side of the tree! I had pushed the pole into the mud, straining and torturing every muscle, until I knew that I could do nothing thus. Meanwhile Jack Spinnet, who had caught up an oar, had been doing the same. The shore was too far off to be reached by a leap, and there was no tree within reach save the one the anaconda occupied.

Suddenly I saw Jack fall over backwards—a dark mass flashed before me—there was a sickening, sinking sensation, as though the gushing, spurting head of a decapitated mother or wife had been held up by the hair before me—and then my eyes involuntarily closed.

A horrid shriek from my companion aroused me. I opened my eyes and looked. There lay my friend, upon his back, across two thwarts, and the monster serpent's head lay flat upon his breast!

Oh! My soul! my soul! what a sensation was that! Pain was not in it. It was the very essence—ten thousand times refined—of the soul's most agonizing horror. The serpent had placed his head there, and the expression of his face was the deepest we can ascribe to the most exultant Tartarian demon! Oh! there was expression there—such expression as I pray to God I may never see again! As his head lay thus those glittering eyes of his could look into his victim's face. His body was loosening from the tree—he had made up his mind for a dainty meal!

And here let me dispute a false idea which has become universal wherever the serpent is known. It is printed in school-books; set down in works upon natural history; and sustained by travellers. It is this: that the anaconda, the boa, and others of that tribe, prepare their food before swallowing it by *licking* it all over, and thus covering it with a sort of gelatinous substance which causes it to slip down more easily. Now this is not so. The serpent does this no more than does every animal that lives! Let a man work for an hour at trying to swallow a mass beyond his capacity, and I think you will find it pretty thoroughly *gelatinized*. The truth is this: The serpent swallows his food as all other animals do that swallow it whole. All animals within his capacity he swallows instantly, without even maiming them! But when a huge serpent has been a long time without food, and he chances to strike upon something with a larger circumference than that of his own body, he must work ingeniously to destroy it. First he knows he must kill it; and this he does as he fights his own kind—by crushing. When it is crushed he commences to swallow. His muscles are all relaxed, and their tension is great. He works and works—the glands of the mouth are overtasked and irritated, and they discharge their secretions for their own ease, as the eye weeps when it is in pain. Thus, of course, that part of the food which has been in the mouth will become covered with saliva. Sometimes a huge anaconda will lie two weeks with a deer, or some other large animal, not much over half swallowed!

The serpent has the same kind of salivary glands that other animals have—no more, no less; and if an animal is sometimes found half swallowed by him, and all covered with saliva, it is simply because he has been a week about it! The presence of the saliva is the result of overtasking the mouth, and not a natural preparation of food.

For a single instant after I opened my eyes, and saw the position of my companion, I was utterly powerless, but a stifled groan from the poor man quickly started my manhood into action.

"*Walter—save me!*"

Never did three words operate upon me as did those. They not only touched my heart, but in an instant all fear was gone, as if by a miracle, and every nerve was strung to action. One of the barrels of my gun was yet loaded with a heavy charge of buck-shot. I caught it up and cocked it. I determined to run a risk. I moved a step forward, and then kneeled down. The side of the snake's head was exposed to me. I placed the muzzle within twelve inches of it—aimed for the broadest part—just back of, and below, the eye—and fired!

I saw that same black mass sweep upward; and in a moment more came a thrashing and crashing that was frightful to hear. The folds of the monster's body had tightened about the tree, and his head, with some twelve or fourteen feet of neck and trunk, was thrashing to and fro, upon the ground and amid the branches overhead. For a few moments I feared he would smash our boat; but he had neither sense nor sight, and as the position of his folds naturally carried his head from us, there was no more danger.

Jack Spinnet arose from his recumbent posture, but he could do no work. He was weak and faint, the intense, the terrible, the awful fear of those few moments having left him utterly nerveless. I assured myself that he was not bodily injured, and then I took the pole and tried once more to push the boat off. I had sense enough to look how and see what was the matter, and the result was, that I found an unearthed root, probably from the large tree close by, under the water, which had worked its way up between the stern-post and the rudder! I quickly pushed it out, and then pushed off.

I asked Jack if we should stop and see the serpent die.

"Oh! in Heaven's name, no!" he answered, "Get back as soon as you can. I am not well. Walter—I am not well!"

Of course I hesitated no longer. I sculled down the river; there set my sail; and with the evening breeze I ran up to Manado.

On the following day some of us went out and found the serpent dead. I had blown his brains half out from his flat, saucer-like skull. There was some muscular activity remaining, but not enough to amount to anything. We towed the monster's carcass to Manado, and there had the skin taken off and stuffed.—The Dutch Consul there offered a large sum of money for it, and we sold it to him.

Jack Spinnet received a shock on that occasion from which he will never recover, though he is by no means an invalid. His nervous system is shattered, and there is an oppression upon the chest; and if he ever chances to sleep upon his back, he is sure to be seized with the most horrible incubus. The serpent is upon him as he was in that terrible hour, and his whole frame quivers with fright. He awakes with a cold sweat all over his body, and sleeps no more for the night.

NOTICES TO CORRESPONDENTS.

MERRIMAC, N. H.—Had you attentively read the advertisement which you took the trouble to cut out and send us, you would have seen that it explicitly stated that the novelettes proposed to be published are old ones which "*have been out of print for a long time.*" We wish now to state, once for all, that, whatever others may publish, speak, write, promise, or boast of, the LEDGER, and the LEDGER only, has published all the stories, tales, sketches and novelettes of every kind and degree, which Sylvanus Cobb., Jr., has written for a year past, and will publish all that he shall write for years to come. Mr. Cobb does not and will not write a line for any other paper than the LEDGER.

J. R. H., New Haven.—Yes; a knowledge of Latin and Greek, and especially the expansion of mind which one derives from their study, would be of use to any man, in any situation; therefore, let your boy learn all the Latin and Greek he can. Besides, in this country, the humblest-born boy may rise to the highest dignity and station, in which case knowledge of all kinds may be indispensable. It is impossible for a boy to learn too much; but almost every man who rises in the world has occasion to mourn that he learned so little in his youth.

SCOTCHMAN.—An alien is not obliged to perform military duty. If you are summoned, however, to attend a militia muster, "armed and equipped as the law directs," &c., and do not attend you will probably be summoned to attend a court-martial, where you can state the fact of your not being a citizen and thus be discharged. If you should not appear at a court-martial to which you had been summoned, you would have the usual fine imposed upon you, and *then* you might be put to some inconvenience. The better way is to attend the court-martial and put the matter at rest at once.

STATEN ISLAND.—It is true that the yam and sweet potato are sometimes confounded; in some localities south, a variety of the sweet potato is called the yam-potato. The yam proper, however, differs from the sweet potato as much as the lion differs from a cat; the *genus* being the same, but the *species* being greatly exaggerated. The yam in its freest development, is often as large round as a peck measure, or three feet in length, when it takes a different form, and weighs over thirty pounds. It *tastes* very much the same as the sweet potato.

WASINONT.—The young lady, according to your own story, behaved with the utmost propriety and forethought. When an arrangement has been made for a couple to go to a place of amusement, it is not a business contract which is to be kept whether or no, and either party is at liberty to revoke it for a sufficient reason. In the case you mention, the young lady acted very courteously and thoughtfully in writing to you on the subject so long beforehand. We are surprised that any *man* should get into a pet about such a matter.

HETTIE.—Why should not a lady forgive an impropriety in the conduct of a gentleman, who sincerely repents of it, and duly apologizes therefor? A man who has committed an error, or done a wrong, is entitled to forgiveness whenever he repents of it and makes reparation for it. One cannot, of course, have that *confidence* in him which existed before his transgression; but *forgiveness* can be extended to the most wretched sinners.

A MOTHER IN A QUANDARY.—We think the name you have selected for your baby-boy is a very pretty and a very good one. The name your husband selected—(Obadiah)—although an honest and strong name, is to us exceedingly unpleasant. Name him John, Charles, William, George, Henry, Robert, James, Joseph, or anything but Obadiah.

C. A. D.—In order to get an appointment as surveyor in the enterprise for laying out a wagon road from Fort Kearney in Nebraska, to the eastern boundary of California, you must apply to whomsoever shall be appointed to command the expedition; and in order to know who is to be the commander, you must keep watch of the newspapers, and see who is appointed to that station.

C. D. E.—We think it would hardly answer for a man who is but "slightly acquainted with a young lady," to get a pack of visiting cards printed with her name on them, without her knowing it, and to present them to her. You had better wait until you shall have become more intimately acquainted with the young lady.

SUBSCRIBER, Pittsburgh.—The advertisement you refer to is undoubtedly a swindle; and any one who could seriously take an interest in such a matter, and wish to obtain such information as is promised, is a fit subject for swindling in either the passive or the active voice.

SUMPTER.—We know nothing about the party to whom you refer. We can only give you the general caution never to send money to any anonymous advertiser, or to any kind of an advertiser, until you shall have ascertained his perfect responsibility and honesty.

COMPOSER, Cincinnati.—We should not feel disposed to recommend the productions of a writer who spells author "orthor." We know nothing about the appliances necessary to induce a theatrical manager to "bring out a play."

ANNIE.—None of the remedies which are advertised to "take flesh-worms out of the skin," can be relied upon. We know of no remedy for the malady. You had better consult your family physician.

YOUNG READER.—No, thank you. We do not wish for any "enigmas," as we have no room for them in the LEDGER. The only enigma we take any interest in, is the "enigma of life."

A DESPAIRING LOVER.—You should wait until you are at least twenty-one, before marrying. Seventeen is altogether too juvenile. You had better go to school about six years, then travel two years, and *then* marry.

B. D. J.—When you are wrongly accused, you can only deny the accusation or pass it by in contemptuous silence. A man is rather foolish who attempts to beat down every calumniator who crosses his path.

ALMA.—You should inform your parents, or nearest and best friends, of the man's insult, and take counsel with them in regard to his treatment.

LA NORMA.—The name of the State of Pennsylvania is derived from Penn, and *sylva* a grove; it means "Penngrove," or the "grove of Penn."

C. W. S.—It is the business of a lady to salute a male friend first in the street or elsewhere, when the acquaintance is very slight, or the position and feeling of the parties towards each other uncertain. Among intimate friends, however, the rule is greatly relaxed, and before the warmth of *ardent* and assured friendships it melts entirely away. In calling upon a lady who is stopping with a mutual female friend, it is not obligatory upon you to ask to see the latter, or to enquire about her in any way. As a matter of friendly courtesy, however, it would be better to leave some pleasant message for her.

CORA AND IDYL.—Yes. Everybody should cultivate whatever talents they possess, as much as circumstances will permit. If you have "talent for writing," or for anything else, develop and cultivate it. Be careful, however, not to mistake the mere *appreciation* of talent for talent itself. People are sometimes apt, when reading a work which they like exceedingly, and which gives expression to thoughts and emotions that have long slumbered in their bosoms, to suppose that *they* could have *written* the work. Such should speedily learn the difference between a *voice* and an *echo*.

JOHN S.—The price of literary matter should always be agreed upon before its publication. A publisher is under no obligation to pay for or return articles which are sent to him without his request. On the contrary, nobody has any right to send articles to a publisher who has not ordered them. He should first write to a publisher and *ask permission* to send his compositions, and not intrude upon him with what is to most publishers an intolerable nuisance.

J. F.—THE ARTIST'S BRIDE, by Emerson Bennett, to which you refer, and which is published by Garrett & Co., was written by Mr. Bennett previous to his engagement with us, and is now issued in book-form for the first time. It is a very interesting and thrilling narrative, and written in the author's happiest vein. You can buy it at any book-store throughout the country.

EMMA H., is not what she calls herself—a maid-of-all-work—or she has found an amanuensis who has written the lady-like letter which she has sent us. She says a gentleman has offered her marriage, and wished her to give up her situation for that purpose. Take care. Have a respectable friend to communicate with the gentleman. If his intentions are honorable he will not object to it. If dishonorable he will.

WELL-WISHER.—There can be no sound instruction conveyed without heart and good-humor. One of the distinguishing characteristics of a rational being is his capacity for laughing, smiling, and joking. A monkey cannot laugh; it cannot perceive or relish a joke. Perpetual gravity has the same effect on the mind as solitary confinement—it creates insanity. There is nothing so wise as a judicious exercise of all the faculties which belong to our nature.

W.—It is scarcely possible to learn to speak a language without living amongst those who speak it. To learn French you must go to France, or live constantly with French people. Speaking is a habit rather than a knowledge. Languages are not learned by the scientific faculty; children learn them quicker than adults, because they are habits. You can't speak, if you are obliged to think about words.

A LOVER IN MISERY seems to have tormented himself by useless jealousy; he should remain satisfied by the assurance of the object of his choice that he only is preferred. The attention which she pays to the polite conversation of others in society is a proof of good taste; nothing is more ridiculous than to see lovers so engrossed with each other that they have neither eyes nor ears for any one else.

PHILANTHROPOS.—It is a law of Nature for the animal to be supported by the vegetable world; and no doubt it is a wise and eternal law—a law, too, which seems to forbid the chemical formation of bread from the elements of the mineral world. Try it, however—try to make bread of earth, by chemistry. You will ruin the farmers, if you succeed!

JOHN SLADE.—The cod-liver oil is now given generally in all cases of consumption. Where the disease is not far advanced it will frequently arrest its progress. But it should not be taken unless under the direction of a medical man, as persons who are hypochondriac often fancy that they are the victims of disease, when, in fact, they are the victims only of their imagination.

A TROUBLED SUBSCRIBER.—Do not despair. Girls often get into such low spirits, and think the whole world is false and hollow, and that its destruction is close at hand. Invite her out to walk with you, take her into some good saloon, and give her a chicken salad, a tenderloin steak, or some such thing, and she will take brighter views of love and life.

J. L. ZERA.—You are correct in regard to the story to which you refer; and we cheerfully acknowledge our mistake. We do not claim to be infallible. We shall be on our guard hereafter; all such little experiences tend to still better qualify us for our business. We are not above learning a lesson from a mistake.

CHARLES H.—Such matters as "insufficient warmth of reception," &c., on the part of fascinating young widows, or any other members of the "belle sex," must be settled by the parties themselves. We can only say, in a general way, that a man should not nurse his wrath, or let his angry passions rise, for any such little inadvertency.

PREVOSTE.—It was highly improper for you to ask a girl whom you never saw before, for a kiss, after spending one evening with her, and in the presence of another, too. In fact, a kiss should never be *asked* for, nor indulged in, until, on both sides, "it comes just as natural as breathing."

AN ADMIRER OF ELOCUTION.—Confidence in public speaking can only be attained by habit and perseverance. The best way to begin is by reading aloud, and then to recite, before a select few, passages from the best works of our poets and orators. Diffidence by such means may be overcome.

QUANDARY.—Jealousy is always blind, foolish, and ineffective. As long as you are jealous, therefore, you will not be able to make much advancement in the affections of your sweetheart. A jealous man is apt to be tyrannical and unjust, and most women know this fact.

BERLIN FRANK.—The stage-struck young man whom you describe had better have his head shaved, and be packed away in wet sheets We can give him no assistance in getting a situation on the stage.

CICERO.—When your friends tell you that you have a great talent for public speaking, the best thing you can do is to disbelieve them, until you shall prove by experience that they are right.

S. E. G., is desperately in love, but his mother says he is too young "to go a courting," and orders him to wait until his beard be grown. We think the mother had better be obeyed.

CHARLES HENRY.—In this country and in England, and in fact in all civilized countries, criminals are prosecuted at the public expense. If a man rob you, the public authorities will prosecute him, with no expense to yourself.

HEART-SICK.—There is no "plan" by which you can "ascertain the young man's feelings," that you can adopt without violating maidenly propriety. You must wait patiently, until the course of events shall decide the matter.

A WELL-WISHER.—Your suggestion is under consideration, and most probably will be attended to. We thank you for your kind opinion of our labors. We aim to make a good, an interesting, and a morally-instructive paper.

ELOISE.—It is always silly, foolish, absurd, immodest and indelicate for a girl to correspond with a man whom she has never seen, and whom she knows nothing about.

YOUNG AMERICA.—There are no rules by which a person can become a good writer, unless he have the divine gifts of conception and expression.

E. W.—Yes. A year's subscription to the NEW YORK LEDGER would be a very appropriate gift to your cousin on her birth-day, or at any other time.

W. R. A.—In the LEDGER of March 14th you will find a full statement concerning admissions to the U. S. Naval Academy.

C. H. C.—The President of the United States cannot declare war against any nation; that power is given to Congress.

J. W. R.—We can supply you with numbers of the LEDGER as far back as June 7th, 1856, at which time we commenced electrotyping our paper.

A CADET.—All you can do is to behave with as much kindness and judiciousness as possible, and let the girl's affections take their course.

LEDGER.—No. We do not wish for any translations of Duma's works. We are much obliged, however, for your friendly offer.

ELMIRA.—We do not give information concerning the private matters of our contributors, to anybody. We consider all such questions low-bred and highly impertinent.

EMMA JANE.—Yes. It is not only proper but commendable for you to ride four miles to church, alone, every Sabbath.

MINOR.—A minor who travels in Europe, has to get his passports just the same, and in the same manner, and of the same officers, as a person of full age.

DAGUERRE.—We do not know anything about the authorship of the verses which you enclose.

M. S. R.—The postage on transient papers is one cent each, within the United States.

A SUBSCRIBER.—We do not know of any such paper as you mention.

WYANDOTTE.—Copper coin is legal tender only to a certain amount.

OTAWA.—We believe Mr. Bancroft has not yet completed his history of the United States.

RUTH N.—No. The members of the House of Commons do not receive salaries.

D. C. H., Troy, N. Y.—None of Mr. Cobb's stories published in the LEDGER will be issued in book form.

*** *Several letters stand over to be answered in our next.*